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BEAUTIFUL EYES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MISS A. L. MUZZEY.

Where is thy summer light beaming,
Beautiful eyes?
Upon my heaven of dreaming
Softly arise!
Love, light, and gladness are with thee,
Night time and clouds are without thee,
Scatter the darkness that shrouds me,
Beautiful eyes!

Gentle, and loving, and thoughtful,
Earnest and wise,
Eloquent, tender, and soulful,
Beautiful eyes!
Always in thy love abiding,
Always in thy truth confiding,
Would I could follow thy guiding,
Beautiful eyes!

Often my truant thoughts wander,
Beautiful eyes,
Over the blue hills yonder,
Gathering sighs—
Not for the hand's soft caressing,
Not for the lip's fervid pressing,
Only for thy silent blessing,
Beautiful eyes!

Sometimes I think of that Heaven
Up in the skies,
Where, like the stars in the even,
We shall arise
Glorified, happy, and never
More in God's kingdom to sever;
There thou wilt shine on me ever,
Beautiful eyes!

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Joyce Dormer had sent up a note to Mr. Lynn to tell him of Doris's safety and of Mr. Chester's visit. And the next morning brought Mr. Lynn to Green Oake to hear all that Joyce could tell him.

But Joyce could not tell him where Doris was, only that she was with a trusty friend, and that Mr. Chester would bring her home as soon as possible.

"And who is Mr. Chester?"

And Joyce set herself to explain, Aunt Lotty adding notes and comments as she went on, and finally taking up the subject herself.

"Mr. Chester is the most charming person I ever met with," said Aunt Lotty; "and I'm sure you'll like him, and you will not object to him in the least; that is, I'm sure I hope you won't, for he and Doris have set their hearts upon each other, and I should be sorry to see them disappointed. It's a sore thing to disappoint people, you know."

Joyce thought Aunt Lotty premature, as Mr. Lynn was evidently quite unprepared for such a phase of affairs.

To gain and lose a daughter in so short a space of time was what he had not calculated upon. However, he said nothing, either for or against, and Aunt Lotty rambled on, and Mr. Lynn appeared to listen, but his thoughts were far away.

Then the post came, and there was a letter from Mr. Carmichael. He had been harrassed and hurried, and worn to death almost, and had failed in all the attempts that had been made to find a clue to Doris. She certainly was not in London, or he should have discovered her, and in what direction to try he knew not. He had inserted an advertisement in the Times, which was not to be withdrawn without notice from him. He did not see what further steps could be taken at present; therefore he intended returning home by that afternoon's train, as he felt quite ill and knocked up.

"And he'll hear news that will make him well again," commented Aunt Lotty.

But Joyce was not so sure of that when taken in connection with Mr. Chester.

And in the afternoon Mr. Carmichael did arrive, and he did look very ill; his complexion was very leaden, and there was a wandering look in his eyes that was by no means natural to them. He was not in the best of tempers, for Mr. Carmichael was not a man who liked to be beaten. He was mortified at having to give up finding Doris. There was something ignominious in being outwitted by a mere girl.

His temper was not improved by Aunt Lotty's burst of information, for Aunt Lotty had scarcely been judicious in her commencement—but, then, she was not a judicious person, and she usually contrived to get unadvisedly with the best of intentions; therefore, she had greeted Mr. Carmichael on his entrance, as follows:

"Well, I have good news for you. Who do you think has been here?—Mr. Chester! And Mr. Chester knows all about Doris, and where she is, only he would not tell Joyce; but she's all safe, and he's gone away to bring her back."

Now, if there was anything particularly unpleasant to Mr. Carmichael, it was the connecting of Doris's name with Mr. Chester's. So he became irritable at once.

"What business has Mr. Chester to know anything of Doris? Besides, I thought Mr. Chester was in Rome. Doris isn't *there*, I suppose?" and Mr. Carmichael looked at Joyce.

"No," said she; "Doris wrote to him, and he came over to England."

"Oh! Doris wrote to him, did she? And why need Doris have written to a stranger?"

"But Mr. Chester is not a stranger; she has known him all her life," replied Joyce.

"He is neither her father nor her uncle," retorted Mr. Carmichael.

Which facts being so self-evident, Aunt Lotty was emboldened to put in an observation.

"Of course he is not, or he would not wish to marry her."

Mr. Carmichael was exasperated: he turned angrily to his wife.

"If you can't say anything pleasant, don't say anything at all. Mr. Chester will never marry Doris if I can help it."

Joyce thought that Mr. Carmichael could not help it; but being more judicious than Aunt Lotty, she did not say so. And again Mr. Carmichael addressed her.

"When was Mr. Chester here?"

"Yesterday evening."

"He came to tell you that he had heard from Doris."

"Yes."

"Had he seen her?"

"No."

"Why did he come here first?"

"To ask what I thought Doris ought to do."

"And what did you advise?"

"That she should come back to us."

"And what might Mr. Chester's opinion be?"

"He said that Lynncourt was the proper place for her."

Mr. Carmichael struck his hand violently upon the table.

"Lynncourt?" he repeated. "Yes, that is it—I knew *he* was after Lynncourt. I told you how it would be when he came to know that Doris was an heiress. A man does not often come careering home from Italy for nothing."

"But he seemed to think that Doris needn't take the property if she did not wish it."

Mr. Carmichael laughed, meetingly.

"Oh! and so you believed him? No, no; he's too cunning for that. He's doubtless found out that the property is secured against any romantic sentimentality of that kind."

Joyce felt convinced that Mr. Chester had found out nothing of the sort, and that he, moreover, had never given a thought to the property, and would not care about it; still, Mr. Carmichael would not believe her if she told him so, so she made no answer.

"What else did Mr. Chester say?"

"He said that he had in his possession a letter given to him by Mrs. Gresford many years ago, that he was to keep until Doris was in need of assistance. This letter he intended to give to her now."

Joyce was watching Mr. Carmichael intently, to see what effect her communication would have; but she was not prepared for the change that came over him. His face turned livid, and he stared at her fixedly. She could see that he was greatly agitated, though he endeavored to control himself. Joyce went on.

"He had not this letter with him: indeed, I am half afraid that he has lost it."

And still she watched Mr. Carmichael attentively. The fixed look in his eyes relaxed, and a momentary gleam of hope shot into them. Still, his hand shook visibly as he rested it upon the table. He leaned back in his chair.

"I am not well," he said, faintly.

Aunt Lotty rose hastily.

"Dear, dear, he has overdone himself in London. Joyce, dear, see! can he have fainted?"

No, he had not fainted; but he was very heavy and languid, and seemed to have very little power left.

"Joyce, ring the bell."

And Mr. Carmichael was conveyed to his room, and a doctor sent for.

Was it anything dangerous? Would he get over it?

He would get over it; they need not be alarmed about this attack, though another might be feared.

Aunt Lotty was indefatigable; she sat up all night watching her husband. In the morning she knocked at Joyce's door.

"He is better, but his mind wanders about some letter that is lost. I did not quite hear what you were saying last night, for I had fallen asleep; not but that I heard a good deal, for I can hear people talking when I'm in a doze; but that just happened to escape me. What was it? But if you would come and speak to him yourself, I think he'd be easier, for he's asked for you once or twice."

So Joyce went into the darkened room.

"It's Joyce," said Aunt Lotty.

Speaking slowly, and with some difficulty, Mr. Carmichael contrived to say,—

"You think the letter is lost?"

"I don't know, but I am afraid Mr. Chester thinks so."

"Thank heaven!" muttered Mr. Carmichael, and he sank back on his pillow.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mr. Chester searched his portmanteau carefully. He took out everything; he examined everything; he opened every package; he scrutinized every letter and paper; he turned out all his pockets: but no letter was to be found. Could he have lost it? He had it before he started from Rome; of that he was certain. He remembered also putting it into the pocket of his coat. And then—and then—No, it was of no use; he had not the slightest recollection of it afterwards. Again he searched the portmanteau, examined the lining, but all to no purpose. He must return and tell Doris that he had lost her mother's letter.

Doris was sitting where he had left her. Her eyes were closed; her mouth firmly set, and her hands clasped. She did not move when she heard Mr. Chester's step; neither did she open her eyes. She was communing so earnestly with herself that she could not be interrupted in her meditations. So Mr. Chester sat down on the sofa beside her, and did not speak.

Presently, without unclosing her eyes, she said, "Give it to me."

And she sighed, for she felt like a criminal about to receive sentence. She was going to hear a decree from which there was no appeal; indeed, her own promise had rendered it irrevocable.

"Give it me," she repeated, in a tone that was almost inaudible.

"Doris," said Mr. Chester, "I cannot find it. I am afraid that it is lost."

The girl opened her eyes and sat erect with her earnest gaze bent upon him.

"Then I am free. I may do as I please. It seems like some mysterious dispensation to leave me to my own free choice in the matter. This is no accident; I do not believe in accidents; everything is designed for some end or other. If that letter is really lost I shall know that I am right in not returning to Craythorpe."

"But suppose it should be found, Doris?"

She looked perplexed for a moment and then answered,—

"I shall still believe that there was some reason for its being lost. I shall know that my steps are guided by circumstances over which I have no control. I must accept facts as they stand."

"But this is mere fatalism—"

"Perhaps so; but, Gabriel, I am so tired and so bewildered that I am glad even to have fatalism as a guide."

And she looked up at him with such a weary look that Mr. Chester felt he could have stooped down and kissed her, as he had done many a time when she was a little child; but, Doris would be nineteen in a day or two, though he could scarcely believe it. And a feeling of compassion stole into his heart. Poor little Doris, how unhappy she seemed; and he himself was not particularly happy at the present moment. How glad he would be to get away to Italy, and not see any of the Green Oake people again. Which Green Oake people he might have reduced to one person, Joyce Dormer, but so he chose to word it. And Doris would be glad to get away too.

"I have decided what I am going to do, Gabriel," said Doris, shaking back her hair, that had escaped from its fastenings, whilst a change came over her face and she suddenly lost the weary look.

"Well?"

"I have a talent for drawing, you know."

"Don't be conceited," replied Mr. Chester.

"I'm not conceited. I know I have a talent; and, besides, you have told me so often and often."

"And you intend to be an artist and paint away at Linton."

"No, I don't. I'm not quite so aspiring as that. I'm going to do wood-cutting. I should succeed well enough, and make quite enough to live upon. Mrs. Howell has a sister in London whose husband does wood-cutting, and wants a pupil. I think, Gabriel, that I am not suited to live without any work after having worked all my life till now. I think I shall miss getting my living as I used to do: it will separate me so from the past."

"And what will Mr. Lynn say to this? Remember, Doris, he is your father. You are not free to act in this matter."

"Surely after so many years he would let me do as I pleased. What can he care for a daughter whom he has never known? He has done nothing for me so far, and I don't wish him to do anything now."

"Has that been his fault? And, Doris, he does care for you; he is grieving over you now. Can you not love him for your mother's sake? Can you not follow her example, and sacrifice your own feelings to spare him?"

Doris hid her face.

And again Gabriel felt the same strange compassion for the girl dart into his mind. And he thought of her words, "If you, and I, and Joyce could live somewhere together." But Joyce was out of the question; besides, he wished to forget her; but he and Doris, they seemed to belong to one another. He took one of her hands.

"Doris," he said, "do you think me worth caring for?"

"Worth caring for?" asked Doris, in amazement; "to be sure I do. I care more for you, Gabriel, than any one in the world. What should I do without you? There is no one who knows so much about me as you do, no one that I have known so long. Of course I care for you."

"You don't quite understand me, Doris. Do you think you care so much for me that you would be willing to leave every one else and go with me to Italy?"

"Oh yes, Gabriel! I should like it above all things, and you could teach me as you used to do. But it would have been pleasanter if you could have liked Joyce and Joyce could have liked you, and then you two could have been married, and I should have been as happy as the day is long with you both."

She did not understand him yet; she had looked upon him so long as her guardian and protector, almost as a second parent. So he said gravely,—

"That is not what I mean. I have no one to care about me now, and I feel rather sad and lonely sometimes. Will you be my wife, Doris?"

It had never entered into her head. His wife! Gabriel's wife! She would have laughed at the idea if Joyce had suggested it to her. But she did not laugh now, she was so perplexed, so astonished.

"Gabriel?" was all she could say.

"I am in earnest, Doris."

"But what can have made you think of it? I never should have thought of it."

"Can you not think of it now?"

"I don't know, Gabriel."

"Do you love any one else, Doris?"

"No."

"Well then, listen. This is the only way in which I can help you. I am a lonely man in the world. My mother is dead, and I have but few relatives. Those I have are all scattered, and have interests of their own; so there is no one for me to care for but my little snow-child, whom I have known and loved so long, and who links me with the past. And you, Doris, cannot bear to be torn from that past and planted anew in a fresh soil, in a fairer garden it may be, but without any of the old props to cling to. We are both in a manner desolate; can we not make a home far away from all these troubles, and keep the past as a precious memory that will dwell painlessly with us throughout our lives? Remember how your mother begged me to take care of you the last time I saw her. Can I fulfill her wishes better than by being your protector through life?"

Doris sat listening earnestly. There was no flush upon her face; she was considering calmly Mr. Chester's speech. When he had ended, she spoke.

"Do you wish it on my account, Gabriel? Are you thinking of me?"

"I am thinking of myself, Doris," he answered.

"Are you quite sure you wish it? Are you sure you like me better than any one you have ever seen?"

Her eyes met his without flinching.

"I am quite sure that I wish it."

He did not answer her other question.

"I should not have supposed I was the sort of person you would care for, Gabriel," she continued.

"Why not?"

"Because it never entered into my head that you would. That seems a foolish reason, perhaps; but I cannot help thinking that I should have had some sort of idea, some perception in all these years, if I had been the kind of person to suit you. I am afraid it is on my account that you are thinking of this."

"No, I am not, Doris."

"It appears stranger almost to me than everything else," she replied. "I think you must be mistaken, Gabriel. If you really think, if—"

"If what?" said Mr. Chester. "Tell me honestly, Doris, anything you like to say."

"If I were quite sure that I liked you well enough; in that way, I mean—but I'm afraid I don't, Gabriel—I would try. But I never thought about it, and I should not wish you to be unhappy."

"I could not be unhappy, Doris. We used to be happy enough together in days gone by."

"But I was a child then," she returned, seriously. "I am older now—I am a woman, Gabriel. I have grown very old in these last few weeks. I was growing very old before that, Gabriel. For we had such a struggle those last few years. Oh, Gabriel! and poverty makes one feel so old—so very old."

Mr. Chester took both her hands in his and looked sadly at her.

"And you never told me, Doris."

"My mother would not let me. I would have written again and again to you, for it would not have been like charity to be helped by you. But she would not let me. She asked Uncle Carmichael to help her, and he would not—he would not, Gabriel; and do you think I can ever forgive him? I don't, and I never shall. You don't know what I've felt since I've been at Green Oake. Something like a tigress kept in a cage. I've been wanting to spring out all the time and get away. But Joyce was such a gentle keeper that I had not the heart to leave her. If Joyce could only go with us I would go at once, Gabriel; for now I am away it seems to me that she reminds me of my mother, though it never struck me before."

"She bears a strong resemblance to your mother," answered Mr. Chester. "I always wondered that you had not perceived it. It is one of those strange chance likenesses that one does sometimes see between people who are not related."

"Yes, I see it now. Oh, Gabriel! if it had only been Joyce that you had liked instead of me!"

"But then I should have had no claim to help you out of all your difficulties."

"No," said Doris, meditatively.

"But you have not answered my question yet, Doris."

"I do not know how to answer it. Are you quite, quite sure that you are in earnest, Gabriel?"

"Quite sure."

Doris closed her eyes as if to shut out everything, and once more to commune with herself. She was silent for a time; then she rose, and putting her hand on Mr. Chester's shoulder, she said softly,—

"Gabriel, I have made up my mind. I will go with you."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was a fair and frosty morning. You could feel it the moment you awoke, and you could see it the moment the blind was drawn up and revealed the window panes covered with starry spangles. And you could hear it, too—that is to say, there seemed to be a crisp crackling sound in the air, that comes on only on frosty mornings.

The early sun did not melt the tiny icicles that fringed the window-ledges, nor the frozen drops of dew that had turned white on the blades of grass and on the leafless hedges where the spiders had been spreading nets to catch the shining diamonds that dropped from the Frost-queen's garments as she passed along. The trees were crusted over with silver, and glittered and sparkled in the sunlight, softening in the distance into the blue haze that gathered around them, and which melted into the rosy sky, whose blushes grew ever fainter as the sun rose higher. And men, seeing the black bare woods so transfigured, said, that a hoar-frost had come on, and revelled in its beauty; but nurses told the children that the fairies had been planting sugar forests in the night; and the children believed it, as they believed in the crock of gold that is to be found where the rainbow touches the earth, and as they believed in all other legends and myths believed in in the Wonderage, that is the fairest age upon earth. For, is not the world an Eden then, and the forbidden fruit untasted?

The robins looked quite comfortable in their brown coats and red vests; they were quite winter-birds, and were singing still, though all the other birds had forgotten their notes. Cheerily through Christmas time had the robins sung their carol, and earned the crumbs that they were bold enough now to beg from door to door; and few were so hard-hearted as to send them away unrewarded.

Within doors the Frost-queen made herself also felt. She seemed to have swept the house out in the night, and made everything look fresh and clean. And as for the fire, though one would think that it must be her natural enemy, she had certainly lent it a helping hand, or why did it blaze and sparkle more brightly than on other days? Also she must have been whispering happy thoughts into the hearts of the dwellers in the houses, or what could make them look so pleasant and cheerful this morning? Even the poor little boy with the chilblains did not blame the Frost queen for bringing them—indeed, he never took into account that she had anything to do with them. He looked out of the window, wishing that they were better, so that he might have a slide on the pool with his brothers. He was so afraid that the frost would go before his chilblains were well.

Doris came down to breakfast under the Frost-queen's influence, though Mrs. Howell attributed it entirely to Mr. Chester's coming.

"I knew he'd make everything right, if any one could; and I'm so glad, Miss Carmichael, that you're going home. Depend upon it, it's the right thing, and just what your mother, poor lady, would have wished."

Yes, Doris was going back to Craythorpe. Mr. Chester's arguments had been successful. He had brought so much to bear upon the subject that had never before occurred to her preoccupied mind, that he had won his point, and perhaps that very evening she would see Joyce again, and they would have a long chat in the little porch-room. Would Joyce be surprised at all she had to tell her? She was sorry that Joyce did not quite like Mr. Chester. "But she may think better of him now," mused Doris, "for my sake."

The Frost-queen had not been so benign to Mr. Chester as to others, though perhaps he, of all in the little village of Linton, needed her invigorating influence most. He had believed on the previous evening that he should open his eyes on a new world, and that the old world would have passed away. He believed that he could forget one object in the pursuance of another, deeming that new plans, new ideas, action, change, and new interests, would bring forgetfulness. He did not take into account that through the world there runs no Lethe. We may smother our regrets in the whirl of active life, we may drown our sorrows in excitement, we may even keep down remorse for a while, or, we may build up fresh hopes, and try to hang a curtain between us and the past. But the whirl of active life will not go on for ever; a hush must sometime come. And in the silent hour of midnight, or in the ghastly gray of the chill dawn, Regret, like a phantom, will haunt us, and shake a mocking finger at our inability to undo the past. And when the mad torrent of excitement has swept by, old memories and old sor-

rows will be left high and dry upon a desolate shore, and we shall grieve and grieve until the tide again flows over them. There is no Lethe on this side the dark river.

And Mr. Chester looked graver than he had done the day before.

* * * * * *

Aunt Lotty sat by Mr. Carmichael's bedside and ministered to his wants, filling up the intervals with the endless knitting, and not daring to speak unless spoken to, lest she might irritate the invalid. For Aunt Lotty's perceptions were sharpened in any case of illness, and her sympathetic heart corrected her somewhat defective judgment. It was necessary that he should be kept perfectly quiet, the doctor said, and then all would go on well.

"Letters?" said Mr. Carmichael, in a querulous tone.

It was about the time of the arrival of the Australian mail.

"I thought you were asleep, or I would have given them to you before," answered his wife, bringing several letters to him, amongst which was one with a foreign post-mark.

Mr. Carmichael's eye eagerly noted it, and Mr. Carmichael's trembling fingers closed upon it. The opening was a somewhat difficult task, it dropped from his hand. His wife giving it to him again, asked,—

"Shall I open it?"

"No!" replied the sick man, abruptly, as he once more essayed to tear open the envelope, in which he finally succeeded. Then he steadied his hand to hold it whilst he read, and as he did so he glanced at Aunt Lotty; and Aunt Lotty, perceiving his movements in spite of the knitting, softly moved towards the window, drew the blind half-way up, and seated herself so that Mr. Carmichael could not see her.

And Mr. Carmichael, thus left to his own devices, began to read his letter. He was not very expert in making it out, his eyes rather failed him, and losing his place he several times had to begin again; but by dint of perseverance he at length mastered the contents, and they brought relief to his mind. The writer said,—

"I have made minute inquiries as directed, and find that Henry Burgrave died four years ago, being a man over eighty years of age. His wife is still living, but is infirm and at times loses her memory; she, however, well remembers the loss of the Albatross, with all the passengers on board. Mrs. Gresford and her child were amongst the number, they were both drowned. The child was at that time not a year old, its name was Doris. She remembered nothing especial about it; it was like all other babies, nothing very remarkable. She remembered, too, Mr. Gresford's return after he had been thought dead so long, and his distress and despair on hearing of the loss of his wife and child. He went away, she fancied, to South America, and she felt sure that her husband had once or twice heard from him; but that was long ago; she did not know now whether Mr. Gresford were living or dead."

The writer had obtained a list of the passengers in the ill-fated vessel, they were all drowned; only four or five of the crew were saved; they contrived, after tossing about in an open boat for three days without food or water, to attract the notice of a vessel bound for Sydney. They had suffered fearfully from hunger and exposure, and had seen their comrades die around them. They reported that the Albatross went down, and that the captain and all on board perished.

Mr. Carmichael's head fell back on the pillow; the effort had been great, and he needed rest after it, but his mind was in a more comfortable state than it had been; still there was a vague fear upon him of which he could not divest himself, and he should have to wait in restless suspense until it was dispelled or realized. He was half afraid that Joyce had a suspicion of his fear. He could not quite make out Joyce, there had been something strange about her of late, as if she suspected something. Perhaps it was only an idea of his own; perhaps he might be unnecessarily harassing himself; nevertheless, his mind was harassed, and he lay in a state of mental unrest, longing that his illness had passed off, and that he could take active measures to assure himself of all he wished to know. Presently he opened his eyes again and listlessly surveyed the letters lying beside him. He stretched out his hand, and took one up, quite by hazard, for he had not particularly noticed it, he merely saw that it was in a handwriting not familiar to him. Some circular, probably; he could not make out the post-mark. He was putting it down again, when one of those irresistible impulses that sometimes come over people prompted him to look at it again, and as he did so he intuitively felt that it contained something of interest, and with some little difficulty he managed to open it. It was but a short note, and the writing was clear and legible; consequently he read it more easily than he had read the Australian letter.

It was from Mr. Chester, written before he left the station-town for Linton. It was merely to inform Mr. Carmichael that he hoped to bring back Doris to Green Oake the following evening.

"That will be to-day," commented Mr. Carmichael. "He had somewhere in his possession a letter from her mother, which he had no doubt would assist him in persuading Doris to return."

Mr. Carmichael gave a half-groan.

"What is it?" asked Aunt Lotty, hastily coming to the bedside.

"Nothing," replied her husband; "go away."

And Aunt Lotty retreated to the window again and went on with her knitting.

Mr. Carmichael reconsidered the passage.

"He had somewhere in his possession: somewhere—it was vague, he had not actually found it; it *might* be lost."

Mr. Carmichael reproached himself for not having thought of the possibility of Mr. Chester's possessing such a document, and for not having contrived to get it into his own possession. Mr. Chester probably had it with him when he was at Green Oake. It had been, as it were, laid at his very feet, and he had not stooped to pick it up; it had been tossed by fortune within reach of his hand, and he had let it go unheeded.

Yet how was he to know that his sister would entrust so valuable a paper to a man who evidently knew so little of her private affairs. Still he might know more than he pretended. This Chester was, doubtless, a designing person. He had found his way to Craythorpe as soon as he heard that Doris was an heiress. But if so—

Mr. Carmichael paused. After all, could Mr. Chester have read the document? No; the letter he thought bore indirect evidence to his not having done so. He looked at it again, and read on.

"After the strange revelation that has been lately made I cannot but see that Lynncourt is now Doris's natural home, and I shall place this before her in the strongest light."

"Of course he will," muttered Mr. Carmichael. "I hate the man."

Why did he hate him? He knew nothing of him, save that he and his mother had befriended Ellen Carmichael when in distress. Perhaps the silent reproach that this carried to him was the secret spring of hatred, though he knew it not. For men cannot bear to have their own self-estimation wounded.

And then he interfered with Mr. Carmichael's designs. Why was a stranger to profit by his efforts to secure to his niece her rightful property?

He almost wished he had left the matter alone altogether. And yet if he had done so, he could not have paid off his old grudge against John Gresford. And now, in paying it off, he should heap benefits on a person whom he equally disliked. And he became more and more irritable and restless.

Aunt Lotty, from her post of observation, wished she had never given him the letters. She was sure they had done him harm. What would the doctor say?

And Mr. Carmichael tossed uneasily from side to side, arguing the matter in his mind, and wondering whether it would be possible to carry his point without benefiting either the one or the other.

He called to his wife. She was at the bedside in a moment.

He was not a vacillating man, and yet he looked at her half doubtful whether he should not change his mind. However he decided to unbend.

"I've heard from Mr. Chester."

Aunt Lotty, burning to know what Mr. Chester had said, prudently restrained herself from asking.

"He will, perhaps, bring Doris back to-day."

Aunt Lotty uttered an exclamation of joy.

Mr. Carmichael frowned. Then he went on, "Do you suppose that Mr. Chester has any intention of marrying Doris?"

Aunt Lotty felt in a flutter of importance. Mr. Carmichael had asked her opinion upon a serious subject. She was flattered, and flattery we know is calculated to blind the judgment. So poor Aunt Lotty's judiciousness all vanished; her eyes were closed, and her tongue unloosed. She became voluble.

"Certainly he has. I've seen it from the first moment. Though you did not like the idea, I knew it would be so, and I should have said more about it only I was afraid you would not like it. But now that you have mentioned it, I may say that I feel sure he intends it, and of course Doris likes him, and I don't see that Mr. Lynn need make any objection, for Mr. Chester is so very delightful that Mr. Lynn is sure to like him. And I'm so glad you've taken it into consideration, and I'm sure we cannot feel too grateful to Mr. Chester for finding Doris for us, for it's what no one else could do. And you see she told him where she was at once. Of course he will marry her, and it's sure to turn out well, though marriage is a lottery, and—"

Here Aunt Lotty's flood of eloquence was suddenly stopped.

"Silence!" said Mr. Carmichael, in a deep, hoarse voice, his face turning almost purple.

Aunt Lotty was in dismay. What had she done? Mr. Carmichael had asked her opinion, and she had given it.

And like many others whose opinion is asked, she had better not have given it. For, as a general rule, people don't want your opinion, unless it happens to be a confirmation of their own, or unless it is just what they wish it to be; and even then they are apt to think you impertinent for having an opinion at all.

Aunt Lotty, therefore, had committed an egregious blunder, and had made Mr. Carmichael more irritable than ever.

"Of course he intends to marry her. Who wants to be told that?" said he.

Very meekly and in a very tremulous voice Aunt Lotty said she was sorry, that she thought he wanted to know.

But Mr. Carmichael was inconsistent, and replied that he did not want to know. Of course Mr. Chester wished for Doris's fortune, but—" here Mr. Carmichael broke off abruptly, then added, "Call Joyce."

And Joyce came, and Mr. Carmichael began, "I have had a letter from Mr. Chester; he may perhaps be here to-night with Doris. He speaks of the document you mentioned. Did he tell you to whom this document was addressed?"

"To Doris—has he found it?"

"He does not say. You may go now."

And Joyce went.

"They will be here to-night," she murmured to herself, as she closed the door of the little porch-room.

But they did not come that night. Aunt Lotty sent to the station to meet each train, but Doris and Mr. Chester did not arrive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A schoolmaster was once asked, "Why are cream and sugar put into tea?" and he answered, "To render the acute angles of the tea more obtuse."

☞ "I'm on the sea. I'm on the sea," roared a bad singer. "You're not," cried a musical punster in company, "you would be on the C if you sang in tune; but you are on the B flat, confound you!"

☞ Our passions never wholly die; but in the last cantos of life's romantic epic, they rise up again and do battle, like some of Ariosto's heroes, who have already been quietly interred and ought to be turned to dust.

☞ A friend of ours lives next door to a not over-thriving undertaker. One day our friend's young son rushed into the parlor in a state of wild excitement, exclaiming: "Oh, father, somebody is dead for sure, because the undertaker's children are eating candy!"

☞ Jean Ingelow is engaged—upon a new volume of poems.

☞ Uncle Tom's Cabin has reached its three hundred and twelfth edition, and still sells at the rate of a thousand copies per annum.

☞ It is said that Charles Dickens intends visiting the United States next summer, and that he will remain several months.

☞ There is now living in Lawrence county, Ohio, a gentleman who separated from his wife in Pennsylvania, many years ago. He went to Southern Ohio, and married a Miss P———, of Marietta. After the second wife's death, a daughter by the first marriage brought about a reconciliation between her father and her mother, and they were re-married more than twenty years after their separation—the first wife becoming a third.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commence this week a new serial, called

LORD ULSWATER,

which our readers will find to be a novelet of great power and interest.

Our other novelet,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY,

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "Joyce Dormer's Story," and a few complete series to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novelet of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

That the world abounds with persons generally considered respectable, who do not scruple to adopt as their own the literary productions of others, no one knows better than an editor. In truth it is a considerable portion of an editor's business, to guard against the attempts of the unprincipled to palm off upon him the works of others as their own. That he cannot always succeed in doing this, is simply owing to the fact that he is not acquainted with everything possessing merit that has ever been written in his native language.

In view of the number of persons willing to become plagiarists, it is not at all wonderful that any poem which is published anonymously, and which becomes popular, should soon be claimed by half-a-dozen aspiring individuals. We are willing to believe that these claims are often ignorantly made in the first place, by personal friends who mistake a copy in their friend's handwriting for an original production. But the credit which is not at once simply and nobly disclaimed, soon becomes difficult to deny—friends feel that their own truthfulness and honor are in question—the laurel crown is found to be a very pleasant one—and finally a claim is warmly asserted which at first was merely a mistake.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, a lady who takes her place in the very front rank of American female poets, was so unfortunate in early life as to adopt the *nom de plume* of Florence Percy. As a consequence, person after person, in different sections of the country, has claimed to be the true proprietor of that signature, and of the poems written under it.

Mrs. Allen furthermore published in this paper, in 1860, a poem, called "Rock Me To Sleep, Mother," which, appealing as it did to one of the holiest feelings of the heart, became very soon very popular. It is not by any means a wonderful poem—it is not as fine a poem as several if not many that Mrs. Allen has written—but it touches the common heart in a very tender place. We believe that the authorship of this poem is claimed by only eight or ten persons, some of them of the sterner sex.

The most determined of these claimants appears to be a Mr. Ball, of Elizabeth, N. J., a member of the New Jersey legislature. We have now before us a pamphlet of seventy-two pages (!) vindicating the claims of Alexander M. W. Ball to the authorship of the poem; the writer of the pamphlet being Mr. C. A. Morse, of Cherry Valley, N. Y. Mr. Morse brings forward, in proof of the justice of Mr. Ball's claims, certain letters from friends of Mr. Ball, who say they heard him read the poem in 1857–8, several years before it was published in The Post; the poem itself, as a whole, containing nine more stanzas than Mrs. Allen has published; the original draft of it; certain Christmas "carols"; and lastly, several other poems of Mr. Ball's, to prove that he can write poetry equal in merit to the disputed verses.

As to the letters from Mr. Ball's friends, to those who know nothing of said friends, they amount to nothing. The other evidence is important, and, to our mind, conclusive. We unhesitatingly say, from the evidence afforded by Mr. Morse himself, that Mr. Ball is not the author of the six stanzas of "Rock Me to Sleep" which are claimed by Mrs. Allen—that the nine additional stanzas which are mixed up with the original six, are decidedly inferior, improving the poem only as water improves milk—and that the other poetry of Mr. Ball's which is here given, is of a very ordinary and common-place character. And that this will be the decision of every poet and competent critic, we have no doubt whatever. As to Mr. Morse, he either knows nothing about poetry, or else his friendly partiality impairs his judgment.

We quote now the poem as written by Mrs. Allen:

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them, and give me my childhood again;
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world weary brain,
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come let your brown hair just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore:
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep:
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

We beg our readers to peruse the above stanzas attentively. Let them note especially the leading idea of the poem. The writer, sad and wearied with the care and toil and misplaced love of life, recalls the evenings of childhood, when, after the little troubles of the day, her mother used to rock her to sleep. Then the language of the heart arises—Mother, come again, and rock me to sleep, as in the old days—yes, rock me to a sleep *that shall have no waking or weeping.*

Now we need tell no one who is acquainted with Florence Percy's poetry, how completely in character this sad, sweet poem, with its mournful close, is with the general tone of her writings. She has not found life very easy or pleasant, and her sorrow is often even somewhat morbid. But the whole poem as she has written it, is a *poem.* It says all she wished to say, all there was occasion to say, and then ends. It is a complete whole.

We will now quote Mr. Ball's version, putting the stanzas which belong to Florence Percy in italics, just in the order he arrays them. It will be seen that he begins with her second stanza:

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

I.

Backward, flow backward, oh full tide of years,
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain,
Take them, and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my heart's wealth away:
Weary of sowing for others to reap,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

II.

Hushed be my singing, I see through the mist
Loved ones that cheer me, and silently list:
Hark! tis the hymning of angelic song,
Joyfully leading my sad heart along,
Treading the grass that now weeps on your grave,
Let me in spirit your sweet presence crave:
This will now cheer me, no more will I weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

III.

Clouded and sabled, there come with my age
Records of sadness, to soil the fair page.
Footprints of sorrow to blot it all o'er,
Thinking of those on the echoless shore.
Only, I see you look down on me now,
While humbly kneeling, at his cross I bow:
Come then and dry up the tears I must weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

IV.

As stars in the day are concealed by the light,
And darkness unveils them alone to the sight,
So sleeping I see you, unseen when awake,
And welcome thrice welcome is sleep for your sake:
Soft are my slumbers, a glory of beams,
Announcing your coming, illumines my dreams:
Visit me nightly, and when I would weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

V.

Backward, turn backward, then time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to night,
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore,
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair:
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

VI.

Over my heart in bright days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shone,
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world weary brain,
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

VII.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, dear, mother, my heart calls for you,
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between.
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to night for your presence again;
Come from the silence, so long and so deep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

VIII.

Mother, dear mother, the days have been long,
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song:
Sing it, and unto my soul it shall seem,
Manhood's long years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart, in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face:
Never hereafter to sigh or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

IX.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forehead to night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Fondly will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its charmed billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

X.

Angelic mother, now tenderly smile,
While the fond seraphs my soul shall beguile;
Shed o'er my pathway the spirit world's light
To guide and to cheer me all through the night.
I have grown weary of life's changing tide,
Weary of weeping for hopes that have died;
Weary of climbing life's hill side so steep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

XI.

Tired of earth's mockery, and the world's strife,
Tired of the penances paid for this life—
Growing more weary of heartless display—
Weary of world's night, I long for the day—
Let then your spirit encompass me now,
While on your bosom in silence I bow,
Tenderly watching my thoughts as they sweep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

XII.

Thought cannot linger around the cold tomb,
Sweet spirit faces will break through its gloom,
And when I wipe the fresh tear drops away,
Clouds turn to brightness, and roseate day
Breaks on my vision, then smiling again
Peace spreads her gentle wings softly to reign,
Voices celestial forbid me to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

XIII.

Stilled are my tumults, I see in the sky
Loved ones whose splendors have drowned every sigh,
Faces familiar of friends here no more,
Fairer and fonder than ever before—
Glorified figures that stoop to caress,
Mighty to comfort, and mighty to bless—
Bright is the vision—no more can I weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

XIV.

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to rest;
Calmed with your smiling the storm in my breast,
Stilled are the sorrows you come to allay;
Teach me again as of old how to pray—
Contentions without, contentions within,
Battlings with doubt, and temptation, and sin,
Ceased with your presence, I cannot now weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

XV.

Thus with my loved ones I'll watch by your side,
Nor weep once again, whatever betide,
Waiting all calmly the coming of those
Holding the signet of death's cold repose;—
Farewell to sorrow—farewell to all ill—
Whispers are stealing, and heart be now still,—
With my dear mother, kind watch I will keep,
She charges the angels to rock me to sleep.

Now, in the first place, consider the above as a *whole.* There is no wholeness nor completeness about it. There is no particular reason why the writer should not go on for 90 stanzas of such stuff, instead of stopping at 9. And one important idea which we have alluded to, that which is brought in at the last of the genuine poem—

"Never hereafter to *wake* or to weep,"

Mr. Ball has omitted altogether, by changing "*wake*" into *sigh*, and putting it in the middle of his so-called poem. Thus the significance of the poem in one respect—the change and deepening of the meaning of the word "sleep" to signify at the close of the poem the sleep of death—seems to have escaped Mr. Ball altogether.

Now let us come to details. He says in his second stanza:—

"Hushed be my sighing, I see though the mist
Loved ones that cheer me, *and silently list:*
Hark! 'tis the *hymning of angelic song*"—

"Silently list!" what an elegant expression for the author of "Rock Me to Sleep!" Mr. Ball "puts his foot in it as soon as he opens his mouth;" but then "list" rhymes to "mist." But what is "*the hymning of a song!*" We have heard of "the singing of a hymn," but that is a different matter. Again, the metre of the line requires that angelic should be read with the accent on the first syllable, but angelic is pronounced angel'ic, not an.'gelic.

"Clouded and sabled," in the third stanza, like "mobled queen" in Hamlet, may be said to be "good." A Polonius would surely say that "sabled is good." "Echoless shore," Florence Percy gives once. Mr. Ball gives the phrase twice, in his third and fifth stanzas. To repeat is easier for him than to invent probably.

"While humbly kneeling, at his cross I bow."

That line certainly was never written by the true author of "Rock Me to Sleep"—it is out of all rhythm.

"Soft are my slumbers, a glory of beams,
Announcing your coming, illumines my dreams:
Visit me nightly, and when I would weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

This is namby-pamby at the best—but the whole idea is confused. He is asleep and dreaming, and awake and weeping, and wants to be rocked to sleep, all in the same sentence. And this same confusion of ideas will be found through the whole poem—he is "treading the grass that now weeps on your grave," and "humbly kneeling at the cross," and "weeping," and "sleeping," and "dreaming," and being "beguiled by seraphs," and "wiping fresh tear-drops away," and "waiting all calmly," and "keeping watch" just as it may suit the convenience of the rhyme, or give him something else to say.

Florence Percy says:—

"Since I last *listened* your lullaby song."

Mr. Ball says:—

"Since I last *hushed to* your lullaby song,"

altering, and spoiling as usual. In the same stanza he wants to put Manhood for Womanhood, and therefore uses the word "long" to eke out the line, although "long" had been used a few lines previously. But hear this:—

"*Angelic* mother, now tenderly smile,
While *the fond seraphs* my soul shall beguile;
Shed o'er my pathway *the spirit world's light*
To guide and to cheer me, all through the night."

"Angelic" again—as if it were pronounced an'gelic. And why beg in "the fond seraphs"—has he not got his mother with him? what more does he want? Does he not see it spoils the unity of the poem, besides being improper. But the whole verse is intensely prosaic—especially the third line. The author of "Rock Me to Sleep" never wrote that, surely.

"Thought cannot linger around the cold tomb,
Sweet spirit faces will break through its gloom,
And when I wipe the fresh tear-drops away,
Clouds turn to brightness, and roseate day
Breaks on my vision, *then smiling again*
Peace spreads her gentle wings softly to reign,
Voices celestial forbid me to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

Milk and water—if ever there was milk and water in the world! There is about as much logical connection between the above lines, as there is between the parts of the famous nursery rhyme:—

"High ding diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little boy laughed
To see so much sport,
And the dish hopped over the spoon."

Why should he call upon his "mother," when

"roseate *day* breaks on his vision," and "peace spreads her gentle wings," and "voices celestial forbid him to weep," to "*rock him to sleep*"! What does he want to go to sleep for, in the roseate day-time, and when he is having a first-rate time of it with "sweet spirit faces" (bodies, it is to be hoped, included,) and "voices celestial"? Why? For the same reason doubtless that because of "high ding diddle," and "the cat and the fiddle," "the cow jumped over the moon." If there is any better explanation than this we should like to hear it.

"Stilled are my tumults, I see in the sky
Loved ones whose *splendors* have *drowned every sigh*."

We should like to have this operation explained a little—to *drown a sigh* must be of itself difficult, but how a "*splendor*" manages to set about it passes our comprehension. A *sight drown* a *sound!*

We pass over the weak and halting fourteenth stanza, with its "*eased* with your presence," and come to the lame and impotent conclusion":—

"Thus with my loved ones *I'll watch by your side*,
Nor weep once again, whatever betide,
Waiting all calmly the coming of *those*
Holding the signet of death's cold repose;—
Farewell to sorrow—farewell to all ill—
Whispers are stealing, sad heart be now still—
With my dear mother, *kind watch I will keep*,
She charges the angels to rock me to sleep."

Can anything surpass the nonsense of that last stanza? Mr. Ball uses words as if they had no definite meanings. Through fourteen stanzas he has been asking and beseeching and imploring his mother "to rock him to sleep"—and now he tells her in effect that he does not wish to be rocked to sleep, but that he intends "*to watch by her side!*" Moreover, watching thus, he designs to "*wait all calmly* the coming of *those* (meaning *him*, but then *him* would not rhyme) holding the signet of death's cold repose." And then, after all this, winds up with the two following most astonishing lines, in which he declares that he means to "keep watch" and "be rocked to sleep" also!

"With my dear mother, *kind watch I will keep*,
She charges the angels *to rock me to sleep*."

Now to keep awake and go to sleep at the same time, would seem a very difficult operation; but it is our decided conviction that if anybody can do it, Mr. Ball can. And we offer the above stanza in proof. Surely that could not have been written by any man who was awake—we think every sensible person will admit this. And yet, could it have been written while Mr. Ball was asleep? In our opinion it could only have been written while he was "keeping watch" and being "rocked to sleep." In no other state would the production of such a confused literary conglomerate seem possible.

And, after all, his "mother" would not "rock him to sleep!" She "*charged the angels*" to do it—and they probably "charged" her a pretty good price for doing it. But that his mother should refuse to do it, after being importuned in so many affectionate and imploring phrases, through fourteen stanzas of eight lines each, is a frank confession on Mr. Ball's part either of the weakness of his mother's affection for him, or of the exasperating character of his verse. Supposing his mother to have been said to be a lady of good, strong sense, she must have become so disgusted with her son's confused and contradictory verses, that, had it not been for the true gems which glisten in the copper setting of his verbiage, she would have turned him over to the angels in question long before.

But enough of Mr. Ball's additions to "Rock Me to Sleep." He has offered them in proof of his being the author of that fine poem—and we think our readers will agree with us in saying, that they prove directly the reverse. Florence Percy's poem is a well sustained effort from beginning to end, never falling below a certain poetic level. Mr. Ball's nine stanzas are not well-sustained, are not even good sense—he means nothing, and succeeds in saying it—and he never rises, even at his best, to the lowest level of Florence Percy.

We have not room to quote the other poems of Mr. Ball's which have been brought forward in proof of his poetical ability—but as they are scarcely equal to the verses we have quoted, he would gain little by their production and examination. As to the printed copy of the so-called original draft of "Rock Me to Sleep," it does not even begin to be evidence. Any adroit person could get up as many original drafts of the kind as were needed, and on the back of bills that were made out *fifty* years ago. If Mr. Ball could show the possibility of his having written "Rock Me to Sleep" by the production of verses nearly if not quite equal in merit, we might then proceed to examine his other evidence—but as he has failed there, the case goes against him.

But we will be charitable to Mr. Ball. His friend and champion says:—

> Are not other laws to be applied here than in ordinary cases of disputed *meum* and *tuum*? Mr. Ball himself, with the most naïve benevolence and kindness of heart, asked the writer, whether, as suggested to him by a distinguished literary friend, there might not be some occult psychological process by which Mrs. Akers could have possessed herself, unconsciously, of these verses from his mind or manuscript? In that unknown region, where lie great future sciences, of which clairvoyance, mesmerism and the like phenomena, give empirical token, may there not be such methods? In the common manifestations of spiritualism, so called, there are things not less strange than this, and indeed quite like it. A mind which dwells so habitually in the ideal, as Mrs. Akers, around which there is an atmosphere where grows so profusely her sweet, sad, sick-room poetry, may surely, if any mind ever can, be expected to acquire by some such abnormal process.

In the spirit of the above, we would ask, is it not possible that Mr. Ball has possessed himself, by some occult psychological process, of these verses from Florence Percy's mind or manuscript? In the common manifestations of spiritualism, so called, there are things not less strange than this, *and indeed quite like it.* As Florence Percy's mind, judging by her poetry, is strong, positive and original, and Mr. Ball's, judging by his poetry, rather weak, negative and imitative, we think it much more likely that the occult psychological process has been at work on Mr. Ball than on Mrs. Allen. If, as Mr. Morse says, Mr. Ball's business often carried him into New Hampshire, where Mrs. Allen formerly resided, and if, as is further said, Mr. Ball is "very careless of his manuscript poems"—which we do not wonder at, considering their value—the thing would appear perhaps even more reasonable. As Mr. Ball is further said by Mr. Morse to be "a gentleman of high, social and personal position," a member of that distinguished body, "the New Jersey legislature," and moreover a man with "*one side occasionally open to the infinite*," we feel bound to give him the benefit of this psychological suggestion. It was doubtless through this "one side occasionally open to the infinite" that the whole mischief was done. And we would remark, in conclusion, that this shows the danger of allowing respectable middle-aged gentlemen of a literary turn, with "one side occasionally open to the infinite," to go about unattended and uncared for by their families or friends. If the thing is not stopped, there is no knowing what consequences may ensue. And we commend this case of Mr. Ball's, and other similar cases, to the affectionate and earnest consideration of his fellow members of the New Jersey legislature.

H. P.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The annual spring Exhibition at the Academy is this year one of unusual brilliancy. Never do we remember one where examples of "How to do it" in the various styles of art so outnumbered the woful warnings "How *not* to do it," incidental to nearly all collections of pictures.

In the southeast gallery, devoted to foreign, principally German art, nearly all the pictures are new to the public, and nearly all of great merit. In No. 5, the "Lago di Garda," by Jukkert, a chain of snowy mountain-peaks uprear against a sky of such aerial perspective as to withdraw the eye from the water in the foreground, which criticism might find lacking in transparency and *wetness*. No. 24, "Broken-hearted—the Shattered Pipe," by Jernberg, is a bit of broad comedy, which cannot fail to draw a smile from any one—any non-smoker at least—perhaps he who can understand may only sympathize with the deep despair expressed in the nerveless, heavy-hanging hands, the wide-set feet, the entire drooping, down-crushed figure, whose hidden face is not necessary to tell the whole sad story.

No. 32, "Covetousness," is a large figure piece, which tempts one to linger long in admiration of its exquisite finish and wonderful truth of expression and detail. The child particularly, whose "covetousness" withholds his grapes from the marauding nose of the pet goat, is perfect from tumbled curls and grape-soiled chin, and plump limbs curdling under the pressure of his mother's arm, to the dusty soles of his pretty pink feet.

Another admirable and more delightful picture is No. 35, "Intrusion on Family Privacy," by Hofner. The goose-mother, defending her squawking brood against the attack of the young ram, the assailant himself scarcely emerged from the innocent mischievousness of his lambhood, are in the best style of animal portraiture, while a serene breadth of summer sun irradiates the figures and strikes transparent lights through the clustered glory of those "poor weeds" which need to be so shown to make us realize what beauty may be seen wherever there are hearts and eyes to recognize it.

In going through the exhibition, we always feel grateful to those fortunate possessors of fine works of art who allow the public to be gladdened occasionally by the sight of their treasures, and the feeling is particularly strong when meeting again some picture which we have formerly seen and loved and bidden a sorrowful farewell to when withdrawn into some private collection. Two of our especial darlings are sent to this year's exhibition by their owner, Mr. F. S. Wilson, the sweet little peasant girl of Meyer Von Bremen, No. 42, "Returning from Market," and the still sweeter love-poem, "Behind the Mill," by Lasch, (No. 12.) The fervid face of the young lover and the sweet, maidenly shyness of the girl, must be dwelt upon to be appreciated.

No. 59, "Villa Morena," is attractive not only for its beauty, but for its strangely foreign suggestiveness. The very trees, weird twisted old olives, seem to have absorbed a national life, differing from ours as their picturesqueness differs from that of a straight, blooming, tulip poplar.

As a set off to this foreign charm, let us pass at once to the next room, the northeast gallery, devoted to American art, and linger on the sweet home-bred naturalness of Nos. 65 and 106, by G. Hetzel, "A Shady Glen," cool, dark, wetted by hidden springs that trickle down the rocks, with a wood path beyond tempting the fancy on through deepest shade and bursts of summer sunshine, and a "View on Courtney's Run," where light and shadow braid and flicker on the shallow water under the gray-green boughs of an old willow—both beautiful.

"The Exterminator," No. 71, by J. John, is an animal picture, very comic in its fine heroism, which might be taken as a satire on some phases of military glory.

Bierstadt's "Mount Hood" is of course the prominent object in this gallery. The name of the great painter would attract every one's interest to it, if its own great beauty did not suffice to do so.

Hamilton has two water scenes in this gallery, Nos. 84 and 105, of which his admirers will think it sufficient praise to say that they are characteristic specimens of his peculiar style. Mrs. Duffy's fruit pieces, the flowers and fruit of Virginia Granbery, and the dramatic little idyls of chicken life, which are the specialty of Mary Smith, are dotted liberally about this and other of the galleries, forming charming interludes to the larger and more ambitious works.

In the north gallery another lady artist, Mrs. E. A. Christie, has a landscape of great merit, No. 140. The rich maroon purple of the autumnal foliage of the central group of oaks is very true, and the vista of view to the right is perfect in the feeling of autumnal ripeness, fulfillment and peace. We felt inclined at first to object to the dead purple of the blackberry vines that form the foreground, both on the score of truth and effectiveness, but concluded finally that a change might mar the full harmony of the rest.

Nos. 132 and 148 are small companion pictures by W. T. Richards, "Spring" and "Winter." They are absolutely startling in the fidelity of their naturalness. The first glance gives a sensation of barrenness, as if the refracting medium of the painter's mind were removed, and we stood face to face with nature herself. Then, even as with nature, by long looking the beauty opens and develops itself before one, the inmost depths of the pearly-tinted sky, the perfect tracery of tree and shrub against it, the loving candid detail, from the topmost topmost twig of the leafless branches in "Winter," to the downy curled-up ferns that nestle at the roots of the tree just opening in the green beauty of "Spring." May Mr. Richards live long and paint many such pictures, and may our eyes be made happy by seeing them!

We are extending our notice, lured on by the number of pictures which the critic "delighteth to honor," and, after all, we have only indicated a few of those worthy of mention. We hope all our readers who can will see for themselves, and extend or correct our list of favorites by their own taste and judgment.

"ST. PAUL."

The Oratorio of St. Paul was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society at the Academy of Music on April the 26th—the first time, the Libretto informs us, it has been produced in Philadelphia. The audience was a fairly large and apparently appreciative one, the choruses and instrumental passages rendered in the usual excellent style of the Society and its assistants, and the solo parts very satisfactorily filled. The celebrated Aria, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets," was given by the Soprano, Mrs. H. M. Smith, with great sweetness, though perhaps scarcely with commensurate strength. The Arioso "I will sing of Thy Great Mercies," was also very beautiful. In the first tenor Recitative, that most touching and beautiful one, "Men and Brethren, Harken to Me," Mr. Simpson failed a little on the high notes, but it was otherwise admirably and feelingly given; and there was no possible drawback to his rendering of the glorious solo "Be thou Faithful unto Death, and I will give thee a Crown of Life." This aria, the bass solo "O God, have Mercy upon Me," and the chorus "Happy and Blest are They who have Endured," are our most delightful remembrances of the performance.

Speaking for ourselves and for others whom we know of taste and feeling, but limited musical culture, we give our *dictum* that no one can know what music has to offer of grand, beautiful, and elevating, until they hear a fully rendered Oratorio, and that among Oratorios that of St. Paul stands with the first.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

We have received the following from a Washington lady:—

Gentlemen:—The "Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine," as you are aware, reached me some weeks since. I had it "set up" a few days ago. It is said to be excellent, and works beautifully. I find (though I have but one hand) that I can operate as well as with both. I must again express not only my entire satisfaction, but delight for such a fascinating "gift," for such I consider it. As far as heard from all are pleased with their visitor. Indeed I feel that I could not do without the "Poet," especially. You will therefore please accept many thanks. I will do all I can to extend the circulation of your valuable publications.

Yours very respectfully,
Miss S. W. Downe.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Gaivas—A Capital Fish—Woman's Ways—"Love Rules the Camp"—Separation—Capybaras—A Sudden Surprise—All Friends—Enchantment—The Hunt—Pork Killing—Dinner at Alhambra.

We had breakfasted *en bivouac* an hour later than was our usual custom; the delay having occurred on account of taking some exceedingly fine fish with which we had discovered the little valley stream to be plentifully stocked, and to provide a supply of which, half our party went a fishing. These fish not common in Peru, and never found anywhere else, I believe, are called by the natives *gaivas*. In size, form, and flavor they very closely resemble the brook trout of the United States; but differ from them entirely, both in the color of the flesh, which instead of having the reddish orange tinge of the trout, is as white as that of the shad or lake white fish; while, instead of having the olive brown, silver underneath, and bright carmine spot finish externally of the brook trout, the *gaivas* have bright blue backs, a brighter scarlet stripe half an inch in width running lengthwise along the sides, pure pearly white underneath, and bright yellow fins. Besides being a very superior pan fish when fresh caught, there is a quality belonging to the gaiva not possessed by any other fish I have ever heard of. It is that of remaining fresh fish for ever probably, if one would choose to keep them on hand so long. We saw and tasted some two or three times at Riobumbe once, warranted by the old Don, who had them cooked for us, to have been caught eighteen years.

All that is required to make the gaiva everlasting, is to dress and split it open like a mackerel, and dry it in the open air without using a particle of salt. No fly will blow or interfere with it while curing, no worm, bug or insect will meddle with it afterwards—it dries like a bit of wood, and when wanted, half an hour's soaking in clear, cold water, brings out all its original plump proportions, making it literally a fine, *fresh* fish again. These peculiar properties of the gaiva we had learned from our fair Ayacucho *compañera*, Dona Juanita, and it was this knowledge that set so many of us to angling in order to obtain a supply of fresh fish sufficient to last us to the coast; and the angling had delayed breakfast an hour beyond our usual time.

During the evening and early hours of the morning all important matters save one had been discussed and arranged. Upon that no one had ventured a word, and when it did come at last, by a forced necessity, there was instant sedition, rebellion, and open mutiny.

Capt. Harry Mervin—Consul; must needs go to Arequipa. That was a fixed fact. But whither was his charming Chilote wife, Dona Angela to go? Cator had determined to accompany the cavalcade to Arequipa, and thence proceed to Arica, and come down with the Esmeralda to Ica. But no one had determined which way Capt. Cator's lovely little *lavandera* bride was to proceed; unless Dona Felicita herself had determined in secret council. It was known that our handsome Buffalonian, Harry White, had accepted an invitation from Gen. Esaling to serve temporarily on his staff with the rank of colonel; but no one had yet broached the subject of separation to "Handsome Harry's" superb Santiago bride, Dona Estrella. Arthur Esaling was going with his uncle as a member of his staff also. What was our dark-eyed "daughter of the regiment" going to do in such an emergency?

Dona Angela's turn to "show her hand" and *head*, and heart, too, came first. During our cruise in the Esmeralda, Edith and Minnie had by turns been tutors to Angela Marsden in teaching her English. They were clever teachers, and Angela a scholar remarkably apt. A poetess by nature, she loved poetry, and among the British poets, Moore, was her first favorite. When her husband proposed to her to remain with us until there was peace again in Peru, he got his answer firm and final from Tom Moore. Taking both his hands in her own, and fixing her lustrous black eyes intently on his, she quoted with such an accent and pathos as I have never seen equalled, the lines—

"Through the furnace unshrinking, thy steps to pursue;
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too."

Dona Felicita gave her sailor husband a Bible broad-side that brought him head to wind in a wink, settling his course by compass, and her own also:

"Thy home shall be my home. Whither thou goest, there will I go also."

Dona Estrella said to her handsome husband who was going to be a Peruvian colonel pro tem:

"*Marido caro mio*, your choice is between remaining with us and going to Ica, or my remaining with you and going to Arequipa."

Harry slid his arm quietly around the little Juno's waist and echoed:—"*Arequipa*," adding "*darling*" to the echo.

Our pet Queen of Naples was whispering the while very earnestly between and alternately to Edith Bond and Arthur Esaling, and close following the conquest of the embryo colonel by his wife, Arthur Esaling astonished us with the declaration that Edith would accompany Dona Estrella, the Signora Florietta would be Edith's companion, and— Ah—we all knew without a word of explanation whose especial companion, champion, and protector Arthur Esaling was going to be. We were all surprised to hear Dr. Bond consent so cordially to his sister's going to Arequipa, so dangerous as it was to do so under existing circumstances; but the doctor said with an air of serious confidence:

"No human hand or tongue will ever offer injury or insult to *Edith Bond*."

Thus there was no remonstrance from any one—only O'Hara half murmured a line or two of Revelations:

"And the great Dragon drew away after him a third part of the stars of heaven;" looking severely savage the while by turns at Cator, Harry White, Consul Marsden, and Arthur Esaling, leaving us in doubt as to which of them he intended to liken to the "great dragon," or whether he considered them equally disagreeable in separating from us so many of our fair friends.

So it was all amicably arranged, and within an hour after breakfast we were all in the saddle; and keeping company with our friends until the range of sierra was passed, and a plain, open country before them, we made our adieus and reined off to the right on our new route.

Naturally enough there was sober seriousness and little disposition for laughter or light conversation so soon after separating—it might be for ever, from so many friends who had so long, and through so many vicissitudes been our companions. Thus we rode on, a very quiet equestrian party, skirting the southern side of a stretch of sierra that sunk down gradually to the westward, coming to the level of a wide reach of forest of a heavier growth of timber than any we had seen in Peru.

Approaching the wood land, we caught glimpses in the distance over the open, undulating surface of patches of water, shimmering in the bright sunshine, disconnected in the distance, but continuing a chain from East to West, indicating the presence of a considerable stream skirting, and having its course parallel to the southern border of the forest. As we drew nearer a great number of odd looking objects, tumbling and rolling about among the low bushes and reeds near the water attracted our attention, and not a little excited our wonder. In the distance the queer things appeared to be brownish black, animated *balls*, in size ranging from a few inches to four or five feet in diameter, all rolling over and over, and gambolling as awkwardly as if they had been a crop of monstrous melons of all sizes, animated, broken loose from their vines and setting up a *melan*-choly fandango. The oddity of the exhibition amused us exceedingly. Then several of us brought our glasses to bear on the uncouth objects, discovering them to be in reality animals of an unknown species, we argued at first. But directly several of us remembered to have seen in Brazil creatures very like them once or twice. But so long since that their features were but dim remembrances. Herr Von Platen and Jaffrine Dominquez, Mr. Esaling's Brazilian mulatto chief of staff, were better educated. Our bug-hunter went moderately and methodically into an explanation—thus:

"Order, Rodentia. Genus, *Hydrochærus*—Species, *H. capybara*. The largest and most singular Rodent in the world. Habits, aquatic. Very good for food."

"I know him *muy bueno*, and the only way to take him, *señores e señoras*. Be much glad show how," Jaffriene put in, putting out the *assumed* Swede.

We had heard frequently in Brazil that the flesh of the Capybara afforded delicate and very palatable food, and as the capturing of the queer creatures promised capital sport, we were all readier to listen to Jaffriene's instructions as to the method, than to Von Platen's special lecture on Zoology. We were soon educated to the hunt, and making a picket of our sumpter animals and attendants to remain stationary in the rear, we next lightened ourselves of rifles, revolvers, and lassoes, being advised that they would be only a useless encumberance, divided into two equal parties, armed with our lances only, and leaving Jaffriene in front of the point of attack, we rode to the right and left, making a wide detour so as not to alarm the pretty innocents, and be prepared to ride in between them and the water, and fall upon their rear and flanks when the opportunity should come, as our commander pro-tem had promised us it certainly should.

We had gained the bank of the stream without having disturbed the animals, and were waiting for Jaffriene to perform his part of the programme, when suddenly it became apparent that we were likely to find other employment less amusing than spearing the queer rodents.

There broke over simultaneously along the whole forest front, which was distant less than a hundred yards on the opposite side of the stream, a mounted brigade, who were enemies of course according to our instant reckoning, and we were in a pretty predicament truly; disarmed to our lances, divided by the space of two miles and more than that distance from our base of supplies. We were on the eve of going by the right-about run, to the rear, when Dona Juanita, who happened to be of our party, broke out in her peculiar silvery "ha! ha! ha!" and her merry laugh subsiding, she said:

"What simples we are to be sure. Don't you see—half of them are women, and all are armed with lances only—another hunting party like ourselves."

So they were, sure enough. A single, steady look showed us that beyond all question. They were friends too, or wished to be, as the waving of many white handkerchiefs told us. We saw how it was. Our Spanish friends over opposite were out on a Capybara hunt, and by riding into the stream, which was fordable, with an even bottom of fine gravel, they would cut off the retreat of the animals from their haunts along the banks and have them entirely at their mercy. Observing the disposition of our divided force, and seeing our reserves in the rear, they understood at once our intentions to make war upon the rodents in another manner, and made signals inviting us to come over and have a talk with them. Seeing no demonstration on the part of Jaffriene, and the animals being too near the water for us to cut off many by a dash in among them, we accepted the invitation, and both divisions of our party went over to make the acquaintance of our new neighbors.

It was easily achieved, partly by the friendly frankness of the men of both parties, but five times more by the impulse of the petticoat portion of the company, who by the time that we had in a brief, off-hand way introduced ourselves to each other, were among themselves chattering as freely as if born neighbors and bred intimate friends. I have never been able to quite master the mystery, but it is true of women, that meeting as strangers in fashionable, indoor society, wanting an especial introduction, well-bred women will hold each other off at arm's length, making the road to intimacy almost interminable. Bring them together out doors, away from all conventional restraint, and there is an instinct, impulse, mesmeric, magical, or what you will—some mysterious influence that will bring them together and make them intimate, before men, meeting as strangers, have got beyond first preliminaries.

So by the time Don Augustine Marques, a fine looking, middle-aged gentleman, had introduced himself as the proprietor of a large estate distant some four leagues, and informed us that of the party with him three were his daughters, two sons, a dozen nieces and nephews, four sisters, a brother, and the entire company relatives or intimate friends and neighbors—that they had assembled for a holiday hunt, and finally, as we were first in position, solicited for himself and party permission to join us in the sport, ten minutes perhaps had elapsed, and in that time the amity department on both sides had become as intensely intimate as if our women had all been sisters, cousins, wives, and daughters each one to a dozen of the Spaniards.

Just at this juncture there began to be a commotion among the queer water-pigs in the way of squeaks, grunts, and awkward antics, all turning and tumbling away from the stream as fast as they could in the direction of our rear guard. Looking beyond them and listening, we both heard and saw the strategy that Jaffriene was playing off on the foolish puffing pigs. For a few moments he would stand up with his legs as wide apart as he could stride, his arms extended, beating the air in all directions, like the arms of a wind-mill gone crazy in a gale of wind, and he whinnying like a broken-hearted colt. Then in a moment down he would go on his back, up would go his heels, with a flaming red handkerchief tied to each ankle, and his legs would fly about in the air rapidly, he all the while snorting, squeaking, and putting in between a string of harsh, grating *awe-ee—awe-ee's*, that sounded most like the rough filing of a great saw. The wondering water-pigs were tumbling away towards the strange sounds and spectacle as fast as they could, probably to learn what it was all about.

When the animals had got generally some four hundred yards from the stream, we crossed over, both parties, and charged upon them in the rear, stabbing and spearing right and left and under foot. Of the two hundred or more, old and young, I do not think that thirty escaped to the water, though their efforts to do so were vigorous and persistent, as well as ludicrous beyond description. The best speed of a full-grown animal is little better than that of a waddling duck, and to see them roll, and pitch, and flop, and flounce. More than half the number slaughtered were pigs, ranging from twenty to perhaps a hundred pounds weight, while a dozen or so were animals of the largest size, measuring five feet in length, and fully three-quarters as much in the least diameter, measuring at midway of their length.

The Capybara is unquestionably one of the most singular animals in existence. A perfect egg-shaped, animal cylinder, diminishing from the centre each way and rounded off exactly alike at both ends—not a sign of a tail; at the other extremity, a head, most like an otter's, joined to the body without a neck, legs short and small, looking like four drum-sticks supporting an immense melon. The entire animal is covered with coarse hair and bristles, in color, a dirty, brownish black.

Such is the Capybara externally and alive. Dead and dressed, the flesh of the young animals is delicate, fine flavored meat, something like young pork, and as much like fine, fat lamb. They afford a large amount of fat, which for all cooking purposes is equal to the best lard.

As we had accepted Don Augustine's invitation to pass the night and following day, and as much longer period as we would, at his estancia, we had no need of our game, and so turned our portion of it over to our new friends, who had come provided with pack horses to carry home the "hunt." Leaving their *peons* to perform that service, our Spanish friends rode to the rear with us—where, resuming our arms, we counter-marched, riding with them to the estancia of Don Augustine, and that night there was "wine and wassail," a royal feast crowned with three plethoric water-pigs roasted whole, and with the brave men and many beautiful women present, the great *sala a manger* at "Alhambra" reminded one of a grand banquet in some old baronial castle of feudal times.

☞ Keep your temper. The cool hammer moulds and masters red-hot iron.

☞ For a hundred years after the settlement of New England, potatoes were unknown as an article of food.

☞ General Joseph E. Johnston, late of the Confederate army, is preparing a history of his campaigns.

☞ Error loves to walk arm-in-arm with truth, to make itself thought respectable.

☞ Despise no one; for every one knows something which thou knowest not.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

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will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and *one* engraving, - - - - -	4.00

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2 copies - - - - - -	$4.00
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☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

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☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

THE MOTHER'S CHOICE.

One evening sat around the fire
(A pleasant sight to see),
Two children at their mother's side,
And one upon her knee.

"Mother!" a dark-haired boy exclaimed,
"A sailor, let me roam
To north, south, east, and west, but yet
Come back to you and home."

"No, Edward," cried a blue-eyed child;
"No treacherous sea for me:
A soldier bold with plume and sword—
A soldier will *I* be."

"Nay," said the third, "but I would wear
A surplice white and band,
Would read the prayers, the sermon preach,
And in the pulpit stand."

"My children," said the mother mild,
"I care not what you be—
Or soldier, sailor, clergyman,
It matters not to me,

"So you be good, and brave, and kind
Alike to rich and poor,
For such find welcome here on earth,
And, open, Heaven's door."

QUESTIONS FOR WOMEN BY A WOMAN.—Can we not—since, while the power of the world is with men, the influence lies with women—can we not bring up our girls more usefully and less showily—less dependent on luxury and wealth? Can we not teach them from babyhood that to labor is a higher thing than merely to enjoy; that even enjoyment itself is never so sweet as when it has been earned? Can we not put into their minds, whatever be their station, principles of truth, simplicity of taste, hopefulness, hatred of waste, and these being firmly rooted, trust to their blossoming up in whatever destiny the young maiden may be called to?—*Miss Mulock.*

☞ Fashions do change. Few articles of clothing are at present considered more essential than shirts. And yet men have been put in the pillory in England, within a few hundred years, for presuming to enjoy so expensive and unnecessary a luxury.

BLOSSOMS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

The apricot has burst its buds,
And leans its head of bloom
Against the garden wall, as if
Faint with its own perfume;
The apple-boughs can scarcely give
Their crowded blossoms room.

The cherry trees stand in the field—
A great white flower is each;
The pear-bloom hides the robin's nest,
And rosy groves of peach,
Like earth-caught summer clouds, along
The sunny hillsides reach.

The crooked quince is rich with buds,
But keeps them folded yet;
The strawberry blossoms in the grass
Like tiny stars are set;—
Where'er I turn, with fragrant bloom
And beauty I am met.

O, fair, frail children of the May!
Your lives too soon must close;
Your wings will flutter for awhile,
Then fall in scented snows,
As Summer draws a warmer breath,
And opens like a rose.

My Only Lover.

I am an old maid. Do not start, dear reader; I am worse than that—a decidedly plain-looking old maid. I tell you this frankly, at the beginning, so that if you are expecting to hear a succession of romantic adventures, all about the loves and sorrows of "one of the fairest flowers of earth," you can make up your mind to be disappointed.

Neither have I a "certain ease and grace," a "facility in conversation" by which one might be led to forget the plain exterior. I have neither "sweetness" nor "brilliancy" of manner. My poor plain face is quite passive and expreslonless. I have always lived very retired, and have been accustomed for want of society to solace myself with books and castle-buildings.

When I was just verging on young ladyhood, I confess to having read such a quantity of novels as passionately to desire beauty and a heroic lover. But the beauty which I fondly dreamed that "sweet sixteen" or "lovely seventeen" would surely bring came not. I did not grow fairer, my hair did not gradually become soft and wavy, and my eyes were no more of an amber than formerly—in short, I was pretty much the same as ever, only more of me! Therefore, instead of the moonlight walks, the soirees, the attentive admirers of my maidenly dreams, I, plain, pale-faced, peaked-nosed Susan Smith, remained quietly at home all the long evenings, just because nobody ever asked me to do otherwise! And so I just gave up all the romantic notions I had ever indulged, and resolved, without one agonizing death-struggle, calmly, firmly, resolved to submit to a life of single-blessedness.

Thus situated, I betook myself more than ever to reading. My uncle's scanty library was long ago exhausted; so I made depredations on neighboring ones, devouring everything which came in my way. I had just become nicely settled in all this, with a feeling of great contentment as to my lot, and had given up all ideas of ever having a lover and being like other girls, and then there came—but I am anticipating.

One day, when I was sitting with my aunt in the parlor, hemming some handkerchiefs, and not dreaming that anything remarkable was going to happen to me, an invitation came for me to attend a soiree at Mrs. Burton's. Now this same Mrs. Burton was a fashionable lady, who, though usually conforming to the round of conventional society, displayed, occasionally, some strange sparks of eccentricity. It so happened that she had an extensive library, to which, through the acquaintance of my aunt, she had allowed me free access. Perceiving my fondness for books, and perhaps something of my habitual reserve, she strangely conceived the idea that I—Susan Smith—I, the plain, awkward, uninteresting, unnoticeable little nobody of a Susan Smith, was—"literary." And so she invited me.

When I finally found myself in the spacious saloons of Mrs. Burton's, surrounded by beauties and witching graces, I admit feeling somewhat of a pang. I gave myself up to the dreaming that would come amid the soft, vague ripple of beauty that surrounded me.

Gradually my philosophic spirit gained the ascendancy over the imaginative. The vague clouds of ribbons, muslins, and pretty faces, together with the darker and taller forms in the background, became more tangible. I became conscious that I was surrounded by human beings; that I had an excellent opportunity for my favorite pursuit—the study of human nature. I soon became edified and amused in watching the course of divers little flirtations and manœuvres, on the part of parties of both sexes. Yonder was a tall, dark-eyed, fine-looking young gentleman, who I soon perceived was quite a lion among the fair ones. All the artillery of dimples, blushes and pink ribbons was skillfully employed by the respective proprietors thereof, to storm the fortress. And he—he was smiling, affable, gallant, and by no means deficient in the use of weapons of his own. Yes, he was decidedly the centre-piece of the picture—the reigning beau of the season. As for belles, there were two or three struggling for the ascendancy, and whether the one or the other triumphed was ascertained by the attentions of the superb Captain Sunderland.

The blue eyes of the fair Miss Ella French gleamed more tenderly, or the sparkling black ones of her rival flashed more brilliantly from beneath the long, dark lashes, as Captain Sunderland's low tones were addressed to the first or the last. Indeed, the divers feats of diplomacy among both the brighter constellations of the evening and the lesser lights, were not unlike those of the political world. So I amused myself in watching the course of things till my eyes fairly ached with the dazzle, and I betook myself to a few gilded volumes which graced a table, to catch breath a little in my natural element.

I turned over a few leaves, read a few verses of Tennyson, and raised my head to encounter—was I waking? had I not slipped into dreamland, amid the bright whirl around me? No, awake, in the full possession of my senses, I encountered the gaze of those large, black eyes of Captain Sunderland fixed admiringly upon me.

Thank fortune! I always had strong nerves! so I did not faint, but kept on the even tenor of my way. I beheld the gentleman turn, seek out and address Mrs. Burton; that lady replied, glanced at me, and in another moment the two had advanced towards the corner where I sat, and "Captain Sunderland" was introduced to "Miss Smith."

Had the earth opened and swallowed us up, I could not have been more astounded. However, I had little time for conjectures, as the gentleman seemed desirous to enter into immediate conversation.

"An excellent party! Mrs. Burton was a very interesting lady—a superb lady! quite intellectual, too! I was an old acquaintance of hers, was I not? Was I fond of attending soirees?"

"Was not much in the habit of attending soirees."

"Ah, he suspected—I was fond of intellectual pursuits! He honored my choice! did not himself find satisfaction in these light, frivolous amusements. He was most happy to find sympathy in a higher grade of enjoyment," &c.

Strange enough, the gentleman persisted in remaining by my side during the rest of the evening, as much to the astonishment of the fair rivals as my own, and not a little to their chagrin.

And so, when I had at last established myself in my chamber for the night, it was only to puzzle my brain with vain conjectures as to whether the conduct of my sudden admirer was due to some sudden pique of his own, to a disgust for the vanities of the world, or to my own (possible) charms.

It was only a few days after the soiree, when, as I sat in our parlor, reading the newspaper to my uncle and aunt, we were startled by a loud double knock at the door. In a few moments our maid-servant announced—Captain Sunderland!

"Ah! my dear Miss Smith! do excuse me! Have I too much assurance in hoping that you still retain the faintest remembrance of your cavalier of Wednesday evening?"

Now, I was sure I did not know what to say to all this. So I only assured him to the best of my abilities that I recollected him, and invited him to sit down. I fancied he looked somewhat astonished on being ushered into our plain little parlor, and I am quite sure my uncle and aunt did, as I introduced them.

Captain Sunderland was exceedingly polite and affable, and conversed in quite a charming manner. Nevertheless, I thought I could see his eye take in the homely details of the room, and of my own *tout ensemble*, and a half-scornful look play about his mouth. However, I didn't care in the least, since I had long ago made up my mind that the Fates did not intend I should have a beau, and I had become submissive thereunto; so that if I ever did have any, it was so much clear gain, and if they left, no loss! My uncle and aunt were, apparently, not a little amazed as they seemed slowly to comprehend the idea that the handsome visitor was my own!

Captain Sunderland was literary. "Tennyson was his favorite, and, he suspected, mine also. Did he not discover me looking over a volume of that poet, at Mrs. Burton's?"

"I had looked into it somewhat. Still I could not say that Tennyson was my favorite of favorites. I was not particularly fond of that class of writers. I liked those of the Coleridge and Wordsworth stamp better."

Captain Sunderland bowed. "He admired my taste. Coleridge and Wordsworth were also favorites with him. How did I like Byron?"

I "confessed to little admiration for him."

Captain Sunderland "was not pleased with him."

I acknowledged, in the main, more interest in prose than in poetic writers. In fact that "I loved history."

Captain Sunderland was immediately passionately fond of history. He declared "Gibbon's History of England" to be a most masterly production—worthy comparison even with "Cæsar's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Oh, how I screwed up my lips to suppress a smile!

I confess to feeling decidedly wicked, and determined to lead him into deeper waters. But you would grow weary, dear reader, and your heart perhaps would ache with pity, were I to relate all the perambulations of my unfortunate literary admirer. And how he finally rose, with an air of great satisfaction, and took his leave, delighted with the assurance of my company for the following evening to visit the opera.

I like mysteries! I like fun, too, as well as pretty girls, notwithstanding my plain appearance. Moreover, I was quite sure I had not spent a more edifying afternoon for a long time; also, I was naughty enough to rejoice in the chagrin of the fair belles. So, all things considered, I was bound to keep it up as long as I could.

Matters now progressed at an astonishing rate. I attended operas, concerts, lectures, and whatnot, with the attentive and gallant Captain Sunderland. A new world was opened before me. Contact with real, active, outward life invigorated me. I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, what before I had only read and imagined. Amid all this, had my gallant been a noble, whole-souled man, with thoughts and feelings of his own, I don't know what accident might have befallen my heart. I wouldn't have been answerable for the consequences.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, (which shall I say, dear matron?) he was a mere cipher—so I kept equilibrium, while the devotion of my admirer, and the mystery of the whole affair continued to increase. The now decidedly literary and profound Captain Sunderland nearly every day honored the little parlor with his presence. He "admired my simple, unostentatious mode of life. My plain merino was more beautiful to him than all the gaudy trappings of the butterflies of fashion!"

At length all this reached its culminating point; and the glorious Captain Sunderland, in the most approved, romantic, chivalric manner, knelt at my feet and told me that his everlasting happiness or misery depended on a word from my lips.

Well, well, I really had no notion of coming to all this? So I insisted as best I could, in my practical way, on his taking a more rational view of the matter; and finally sent him away in a most melancholy and unconsolable frame of mind. This, however, was no end to the matter. The fortress of my heart was now immediately besieged, or rather stormed, with numerous beseeching, sentimental, passionate, pink-paper missives. All my philosophy was put to the rout. He seemed to be in earnest—really, desperately in earnest.

But at last—at last a change came o'er the spirit of the dream. The missives ceased—Captain Sunderland came not—sent no message! I met him in the street, and he knew me not. Would there ever be an end of mysteries? The transition was quite like a calm following a storm. Still I wondered—wondered—and might have wondered in vain to the present day, had not a circumstance occurred by which the whole mystery was unravelled.

One day, young Mr. Frank Butler called to settle some business transaction with my uncle. It so happened that this gentleman was out, and consequently Mr. Frank condescended to amuse himself with me until his return. He inquired how I enjoyed the *soiree*, and finally, with a mischievous look, "how I liked Captain Sunderland?" I suspected something from his manner, and immediately begged him to solve me the strange riddle.

Mr. Frank instantly burst into an uncontollable fit of laughter, which he seemed to enjoy exceedingly. When he had recovered sufficiently to be able to speak, "Miss Smith," said he, "I could describe a little scene of the evening, which you might be at liberty to interpret as you please."

Of course I insisted upon hearing it.

"Well, then, Captain Sanderland and his friend, Edward Ryder, were standing a moment together; you were looking over a book at the table, and another young lady at the opposite side was toying with an exquisite little volume. Edward whispered (looking at the latter fair one) 'Sunderland, I tell you she would be a fine bird to catch—that one over there at the table—an only child, and her father was worth five hundred thousand dollars, they say.' They separated, and I saw Captain Sunderland's eyes fixed admiringly on—yourself! Is that satisfactory?"

It ought to have been; and of course I laughed heartily, though I did feel at first a little nettled. However, I found I had gained some experience, besides the fun. So I have relapsed again into an old maid, feeling doubly content with my lot now that I have had a "lover."

THE LOVE BIRD.

The maple is flushing in crimson spray,
The cold and the winter have passed away;
A little bird sits in the buds at play,
And he sings and he whistles the live-long day
One constant strain in a tinkling swell,
Like a fairy's touch on a silver bell.
I know not if others can read so well
The story his gurgling warbles tell;
Now pealing loud and sinking low,
Now bursting and swelling with liquid flow;
But each rippling note,
From his mellow throat,
As it floats along,
Sings the sweet song:
I love you, I love you, I love you.

Way down in my heart a little bird sings,
With golden plumage and scarlet wings;
His voice is clear as the crystal springs,
And his notes, like a pattering of pearls, he flings.
A gentle thing is that bosom bird,
With the tenderest note you ever heard,
His strain is by softened memories stirred,
And its key note is struck from one sweet word.
His lay begins with the earliest morn,
Yet e'en in my dreams it goes ringing on;
And your heart beats time
To the silvery chime,
Pealing back the same
In a tone of flame:
I love you, I love you, I love you.

A Plea for the Marthas.

There are two classes of good women, the Marthas and Marys. The former represent the active and the latter the passive voice of the feminine conjugation. Without by any means controverting the Scriptural idea, we borrow the names there used to illustrate facts in modern social life. Both Marthas and Marys are affectionate, but the love of Mary is a sentimental dream and evaporates in verbal homage and empty caresses. Mary will tie a bouquet for you, or possibly knit a purse, if she has abundant leisure. She will join you in a quiet stroll, especially when the calls of duty are urgent in the house; but even then she prefers a drive. She absorbs attentions without rendering many; she makes luxury of friendship, and either wears it like a jewel, or drinks it like a julep. She sweetly assures you that "you are so much to her;" meantime, except that she charms your fancy, she is worth very little to you.

With Martha it is otherwise. Her love is untiring and practical. She gives where Mary receives. She prepares the entertainment where Mary only enjoys. She smooths your pillow while Mary is kissing you good-night, and repairs your wardrobe in an ante-room while you are lost in slumber, meanwhile breathing a prayer for your welfare, of which you do not dream. She takes charge of the children while you go with Mary to the excursion; she packs the refreshments for the picnic while Mary helps arrange the flowers. She takes cheerfully the roughest duties because her dress is of firm material, that will never tear or soil; while Mary requires your aid to protect from injury her gossamer barege.

If there is any unpleasant or repulsive task that must be done in solitude, that admits no assistance and elicits no praise, give yourself not a moment's uneasiness, Martha will attend to it. She has a positive genius for that sort of thing. Indeed, Martha is a very convenient person to have in the house. It is pleasant to think that she will do whatever she can for you, and that she does it because she loves you. You sometimes drop her a kind word when you think of it, just to see how she lights up in consequence. At such times she is almost pretty; you regret that she looks ordinarily so thin and anxious. You hear her cough of a morning, and excuse an occasional neglect of some of your stated comforts. You are surprised and shocked when she dies, you blend your tears with Mary's, (Mary is beautiful in tears,) and you feel that sympathy is sweet. You plant a rose, not a thornless one, above Martha's grave; and after a proper interval of sorrow, marry Mary.

THE RIVER JORDAN.—Dr. I. E. Chase, of Haverhill, now travelling in the Holy Land, thus describes the buoyancy of the water of the River Jordan:

"As we advanced into the water as far as to the upper part of the chest, we were lifted from our feet and pitched forward with every step. Upon our backs we floated without effort. In any position we came quickly to the surface. In swimming the feet would float out of the water at every stroke. It produced the sensation of floundering about cork-like in a bath of semi-fluid oil."

AN ENGAGEMENT FESTIVAL IN GERMANY.

"To-night is Fräulein Eckstein's *Polterabend*," said Hilda, walking into the dining-hall, literally buried in flowers. On each arm she carried a large basketful of bright blossoms, and had also pinned up her pretty apron in order to bring as much of her spoils in with her as was practicable. Countess Irene, who was sitting in one of the deep window-seats, rose, and going up to Hilda, kissed her flushed cheek.

"You overtire yourself, dear child," she said, taking one of the baskets from her, and emptying its contents on to the table.

"Come and admire my treasures, Mabel," said Hilda, returning her mother-in-law's kiss, and looking across to me.

"Let me admire you first as Flora; I should like to call Herr Braun to sketch you as you are now standing; your lap full of roses, and your cheeks with somewhat less of the lily than usual."

"Pray leave Herr Braun in peace. I saw him with our cousin, Von Lutzow, playing at whist in the avenue pavilion, as I came by."

"I have an idea, Hilda," said the countess, smiling, "and I have you to thank for it. What do you say to our sending Förster's Franz to the Polterabend to-night, in the character of Bacchus? You know I meant to give the wine for the entertainment, and he would make a charming infant wine-god."

All this was as obscure Greek or enigmatical Hebrew to me. I knew that "Förster's Franz" was a little rosy, blue-eyed, strong-limbed, dare-devil monkey, of four years old; but beyond this I knew nothing. The "idea" which her mother-in-law had propounded found favor in Hilda's eyes, and an eager discussion followed, to which I listened in silence. It was partly carried on in German—for, in their eagerness, they both forgot my presence—and though I was beginning to understand tolerably, yet so animated a conversation was beyond me.

"Seated on baby's perambulator," said Hilda, at last, "quite charming!" I looked up, hearing designs on "baby's perambulator," and Hilda, catching my eye, added, hastily, "Oh! I beg your pardon, Mabel; but you are so kind, I know you will lend it us!"

"Willingly! but for what purpose?"

"For Fräulein Eckstein's Polterabend."

"But who is Fräulein Eckstein, and what is a Polterabend?"

"Ah! I must explain. Fräulein Eckstein is a very pretty young girl, who is engaged to be married to Mr. Secretary Fuch; and a 'Polterabend' is an institution peculiar to Germany, I believe, and is almost more important than the wedding-day itself. On the eve of the marriage-day, the bride's house is thrown open to all her friends; and those who are desirous of taking their gifts in person generally choose this opportunity for doing so. It is the custom to go in character, each person choosing some appropriate fancy costume. It is also the fashion to repeat some verses, either borrowed or original, appropriate to the occasion, or to the gifts offered. Another strange part of the evening's entertainment consists in smashing the largest possible quantity of China in front of the bride's house—all her acquaintances reserving their cracked or broken plates, cups, dishes, jugs, and saucers for the occasion. After this, there is dancing till an early hour of the morning. Compared with all these lively diversions, I think we may allow the wedding-day is a tame affair."

The evening came, and with it came "Förster's Franz," as infant Bacchus. Vine-crowned and grape surrounded, he sat on "baby's perambulator," like a veritable little wine god, bottles of champagne piled up beneath his feet, beneath the seat of his carriage, and in his lap, buried in huge bunches of luscious grapes, and decorated with curling tendrils. In his hand he held a beautiful pitcher of antique form, Count Lauenbruck's present to the bride; and his bright, blue eyes twinkled roguishly beneath his graceful crown, whilst his rosy cheeks seemed to have borrowed somewhat of their glow from the juice of the grapes. A veritable little Bacchus! His arms and legs were bare; a little white tunic, bordered with purple and gold, and confined at the waist by a girdle of wine-leaves, completed his classic costume. Hilda was in ecstacies. We all walked down to Frau Eckstein's house, at the entrance of the village. Above the doorway hung wreaths of oak-leaves, with mottoes and flags prettily interspersed. We were met at the door by our hostess; a tall, thin woman, with the remains of great beauty. In the farthest room we found the bride, surrounded by her young friends, her gnome-like little bridegroom in the background. She was a pretty, modest girl, but looked sad. On our entrance she rose and curtsied, blushing deeply. Countess Irene said a few kind words to her and kissed her cheek. Then the presents were offered in due form, and I had time to look about me and wonder. There were several Swiss girls; a Tyrolese sennerin; a Neapolitan woman; a Mary Queen of Scots (a favorite costume in all countries;) a nun or two; and several young girls dressed in the peasant costume of the country. My eye wandered over these to be arrested by a fantastic figure, dressed in such variety of color, and, as it seemed to me, in such incongruous garments, that I was puzzled indeed to guess what character the wearer intended to personate. I was on the point of asking Hilda, when, with a sudden and somewhat weird agility, the figure sprang forth from the corner in which it had been standing, skipped across the room to the spot where the young betrothed and Countess Irene stood, and then, to my surprise, I saw that the face belonging to the somewhat angular figure was that of a woman of sixty; she commenced a long oration, sprinkling flowers on the floor before the bride-elect as she spoke, and gesticulating in a manner most ludicrous to behold. When this was done, she once more skipped off, and returned with a gorgeous sofa-cushion and rug, all covered with lilies and roses, which she presented in a sprightly manner to the bride elect.

"Good heavens!" said Hilda, shaking with laughter, "Fräulein Graupenhardt?"

"Well, this beats cock-fighting!" was Fritz's astonished comment.

On hearing her name, I recognized an elderly spinster who resided in some remote part of the Schloss devoted to the wives and daughters of pensioned family retainers. Fräulein Graupenhardt's father had once been *major domo*, and, as I now found, she was aunt to the pretty girl before her.

"What does she mean?" I asked, utterly confounded at what I beheld.

"Ah, you do not understand her. She represents Schiller's 'Mädchen aus der Fremde,' or spring," said Hilda; "and those were Schiller's verses that she was repeating. Can absurdity go farther?"

"It's a plucky sort of thing to do," remarked Fritz, reflectively.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY LESLIE WALTER.

A rose-bud blossomed in my bower,
A bird sang in my garden;
The rose-bud was its fairest flower,
The bird its gentlest warden;
And a child beside the linden-tree
Sang, "Think no more of sorrow,
But let us smile and sing to-day,
For we must weep to-morrow."

I asked the bird, "O didst thou hear
The song that she would sing thee?
And can it be that thou shouldst fear
What the next morn may bring thee?"
He answered with triumphant strain,
Saying, "I know not sorrow,
But I must sing my best to-day,
For I may die to-morrow.

I asked the rose, "O tell me, sweet,
In thy first beauty's dawning,
Thou can'st not fear from this retreat
The coming of the morning?"
She flung her fragrant leaves apart,
The loveliest for her sorrow,
Saying, "Yet I must bloom to-day,
For I may droop to-morrow."

I said, "The bloom upon my cheek
Is fleeting as the rose's;
My voice no more shall sing or speak
When dust in dust reposes.
And from these soulless monitors
One lesson I may borrow,—
That we should smile and sing to-day,
For we may weep to-morrow."

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER V.

AMONG THIEVES.

"A queer start this!" muttered the driver of a London four-wheeled cab, as he stood chinking the money in his hand, and inquisitively eyeing the receding figures of his late passengers. "A nice place it is, surely!" he growled out, as, with a disappointed shake of the head, he gave up the effort to solve the hopeless problem, as to what business could take his late fares to such a quarter of the town. Then he climbed to his box, and drove off, not at the peculiar crawling pace which empty cabs affect, but at a brisk trot. There was little chance of custom in Great Popplewell street.

For Great Popplewell street is of evil repute—one of the poorest, and poorest, and foulest of all the foul, poor, and noisy thoroughfares in the far east of London. In Great Popplewell street, midnight is as noonday elsewhere, the season for such dubious industry and life as the district affords. The swarming population of a hundred courts, and rents, and lanes, and stifling blind alleys, and other dens where unwholesome existence stagnates in utter misery and vice, emptied itself into Great Popplewell street as brooks fall into a river. It was between ten and eleven o'clock, and the sultry summer's night was nowhere so oppressive as in that reeking thoroughfare and its tributaries. Heavy, and warm, and still, the air was laden with ill odors, and resonant with shrill cries, drunken howls, blasphemy, threats, and ribaldry. There was much quarrelling always in that neighborhood, and not seldom fights, that swelled to the proportions of a riot, and so came to be chronicled in newspaper paragraphs, and thus a dispute more or less caused little wonder to the frequenters of the place.

The cabman's late fares, however, were by no means frequenters of the place, as even an inexperienced eye might have told at the first glance. They were too well dressed for that, and had not the gait or the bearing of the regular denizens of such a locality. Yet they were as ill-assorted a pair as ever trod the London pavement in company. The more stalwart of the two, tall and upright as a life-guardsman, seemed to listen with some impatience to the words which his associate uttered as they walked along. "Do, my lord," whispered Mr. Moss, disconsolately, "do button your coat, so as to hide that guard-chain. We shall have a row else. They can't resist the sight of gold, and it's really not fair to tempt them. It isn't indeed."

Lord Ulswater laughed at the little man's eagerness, but a glance at the lounging groups around showed him that the warning was not needless. Already there were hungry eyes gloating over the coveted bauble, and a knot of unshaven ruffians, hanging about the entrance of a court, began to nudge one another, and to whisper together in a manner that denoted no good intention. Lord Ulswater buttoned his coat.

"You are my mentor to-night, Moss," he said, half carelessly; "and I suppose you know your clients better than I do." Then they strode on in silence.

The progress of the warfarers was but slow, for there was much jostling on the crowded pavement, and many stationary groups, through which a passage had to be made by sheer force of pushing. Especially was this the case around the swing-doors of the illuminated gin-palaces, whence came forth gushes of light, as some fresh customer went slinking in or out, and which were certainly the most sumptuous edifices of which the long street could boast; for commerce in Great Popplewell street was tainted by the corrupted atmosphere of the place, and assumed a weird and Walpurgis aspect. There were more stalls than shops, more barrows than stalls; and such shops as there were, open and ungla zed, had flaring fan-tail gas burners, whence the yellow glare fell fiercely on the coarse wares and viands, the old clothes and worn-out household gear, the fried fish, huge oysters, whelks, oranges, and garden-stuff exposed on slabs and boards. There was much haggling and wrangling around the barrows and stalls, much scrambling, scuffling, and angry abuse, for the vendors had need of vigilance, seeing that around their tempting wares there prowled incessantly a band of wolfish-eyed boys, ragged, desperate, barefooted, ever on the watch for a chance of snatching the wherewithal to sup, and so to forget their chronic hunger for a while.

"If those young gonophs—beg your pardon, my lord—thieves, I mean," grumbled Mr. Moss, "were the only scamps we had to pass through, our work would be easy enough. I'll answer for it, they have tried our pockets a dozen times already, but I took care of *that* before."

And indeed Mr. Moss was right. That outlying part of the great city contains more dangerous personages than the wretched urchins, thieves, from their cradles, for whom jails waited as the goal of their career. Great Popplewell street is infamous in the annals of the London police courts, for in and near it dwell ruffians to whom the sight of a glazed hat and a blue uniform is as scarlet to a bull, and whose lives are written in the criminal records of their country.

"Look! that shows your lordship the sort of neighborhood we're in!" whispered Mr. Moss once, griping Lord Ulswater by the arm, as four policemen went by in single file, wearing their greatcoats, and with their cutlasses on. "You never saw that sort of thing in Piccadilly, I'll be sworn, but here it's common. Bless you, they think no more of murdering a solitary constable hereabouts than of killing a cockroach. Hist! come over to the left. I don't like the looks of that lot yonder."

The lot to which Mr. Moss alluded consisted of a knot of scowling, sullen eyed men in frowzy fustian, hanging about the entrance to some narrow alley, that yawned blackly, like the mouth of a cavern. These were no half-starved strippings, like the juvenile pickpockets around the stalls, but sturdy scoundrels whom it would scarcely be pleasant to meet upon a lonely road after dark. They lounged about the mouth of the alley, as a shark slowly swims before the entrance to a harbor, waiting for prey. Whether Lord Ulswater was unwilling to comply with his guide's hint, or whether the attorney's words were drowned in the din around, is uncertain, but he held on his way steadily. The fellows at the end of the alley looked at one another, and then gathered together as if for a rush, and stopped, hesitating. The nearer of the two intended victims looked too tall and too strong to make the projected onslaught a safe one. While they paused in doubt, thrusting one another forward, but reluctant to bear the brunt of the expected resistance, another and more powerful man, with beetling brows, and a scarred face, came shouldering his way through them, snarling out curses at their cowardice.

"You tackle him, Bill. Let Bendigo Bill tackle the swell!" growled out three hoarse voices; and the master-ruffian made a dash at Lord Ulswater, and tried to tear his coat open. The confederates followed at their leader's heels, but fell back aghast, as Bendigo Bill, hurled against the wall behind him, fell crashing down upon the pavement, and lay without motion, like a log.

"We're in for it now," said Mr. Moss, bustling up to his companion's help; but at nearly the same instant a long-haired Jew-boy darted across the street, and gave a peculiarly shrill whistle, twice repeated. The men seemed to recognize this signal, for they drew back with a sheepish air, while a crowd began to collect. There was a word or two interchanged between the lad who had whistled and one of the ruffians.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Moss; I didn't know you," said the man who had spoken to the Jew. "It's all a mistake."

"All right, Sam," answered Mr. Moss, very affably; and he drew Lord Ulswater away before the others had succeeded in lifting the redoubted Bendigo Bill, breathing out feeble imprecations, from the slimy flagstones.

"I hope your lordship will never come across that fellow again. He looked like one to bear malice, I'm afraid, and he'll never forgive you that knock-down blow," said the lawyer, seriously enough, as they proceeded on their way.

"I don't suppose his forgiveness is of much consequence to me," said Lord Ulswater, with his usual composure; "but I am much more curious as to that running footman who seems to accompany our progress." And as he spoke he pointed to the Jew-lad who had whistled so opportunely, and who was now proceeding at a shuffling run upon the muddy kerbstone a few yards in advance.

The attorney chuckled with evident enjoyment.

"Ikey is a sharp child," said he; "he can talk the jargon of every gang hereabouts. And we don't trust entirely to Ikey, either," he added, calling Lord Ulswater's attention to the fact that a burley man, in a sailor's peacoat of rough cloth, was walking on the opposite side of the street, and evidently regulating his pace by that of Mr. Moss. Then he pointed to another man, in the white slop-suit of a navigator, who was loitering along the pavement a few yards behind. Both these men had hooked noses, broad jaws, and bristly blue beards; both were strong and active; and both looked like Jew prize-fighters, as very probably they were.

"There would have been two or or three to back us up, if it had come to a scuffle yonder," observed Mr. Moss, as he pushed on; "but it's a deal better as it is." And at this instant they turned out of Great Popplewell street, and plunged into a net-work of lanes—very dark, dirty, and intricate—through which they threaded their way as best they might, guided by the little long-haired stripling, whose countersign had been acknowledged by their late adversaries. Here they met but very few passers-by. Now and then, a female shape would glide past like a shadow, hover for a moment at the angle of the street, and finally be lost in the noisy, glaring vortex of the great thoroughfare that they had left. Presently, however, there came to their ears a dull roaring sound, that gradually increased in volume, and it was evident that they were approaching some other main artery of traffic and bustle. They pressed on, and the noises grew more various and distinct. They could hear the clamor of many voices, some loud in quarrel, some joining in the chorus of a drinking-song, the pauses in which were filled up by the strains of fiddles, the clinking of glasses, and the stamping of feet.

"We're very near the water-side, now—the Docks, you know," said Mr. Moss in his companion's ear; "and this is one of the German dancing-houses where sailors go." And he pointed to a large lighted window, where many forms might be indistinctly seen to pass and whirl behind the thin, red curtain. The Jew-boy in advance now whistled shrilly.

"We have arrived," said Mr. Moss, coming to a dead stop. Close to the tall building whence came the sounds of the dancing and clamorous revelry, so close, indeed, that every squeak of the fiddle, and every tipsy shout from the brawling mob within, was plainly audible through the thin wall, was a dismal old dwelling of blackened brickwork, with its windows looming forth, dark and mournful, as if in protest against the flare and glitter of the gas next door. Here Mr. Moss had halted, and he waited passively until the young Jew, who had bent his head down to the keyhole, and twice administered a series of graduated taps with his clenched hand to the blistered panels of the door, uttering at the same time a peculiar cry, like the low twittering of a swallow, came back on tiptoe. Then the gleam of a candle flashed across one of the dark, sad windows, and there was a sound of rusty bolts drawn back, and the door was grudgingly opened to the extent of about half its width.

"Right, governor!" whispered Ikey; and Mr. Moss stepped forward without hesitation, and he and Lord Ulswater entered the house. The door was instantly reclosed and made fast. The woman who had admitted them was a wrinkled hag, with ragged, gray locks falling from under a tattered widow's cap, wore a seaman's great-coat, and had a short discolored pipe in her mouth. This grisly janitress shaded her bleared eyes with her hand, and took a deliberate survey of the intruders.

"You be the lawyer chap?" she asked abruptly of Mr. Moss, speaking in the nasal accent of New England, uneffaced by years spent amid London fog and London gin. The attorney nodded. "And he be the swell? I've been looking for ye an hour, catching cold in the draughts. Come along this way." And she turned, and conducted them up the creaking stairs. It was evident that the house, deserted and desolate as it looked, had no lack of occupants. As they passed upwards, they heard the deep growl of several voices from both the rooms on the first floor; but there was no pause made until the old woman threw open the door of a room on the second story, and gruffly bade them enter. They complied; and their conductress, grumbling as she did so, set down the long-wicked candle on a chair, closed the door, and groped her way down-stairs again. Mr. Moss and his noble client looked around them with some curiosity, for the chamber in which they were was oddly fitted up. The window was closed with boards, into the interstices of which clay had been tightly rammed, so that no ray of light could make its way from within to betray the late vigils of its tenant. Hot as the night was, a small stove, not only alight, but glowing dull red with the amount of fuel heaped within the bars, stood in front of the chimney-piece. A large screen divided the room into two unequal parts, the smaller of which contained a mean truckle-bed, a sailor's chest, and some garments hanging to pegs and hooks. On the other side was a long table, on which stood a shaded lamp, which threw a strong light upon the objects at its foot. By this lamp, which was of the kind used by watchmakers, a small, old man, with gray hair and whiskers, with red eyes, shrewd features, and a quaint resemblance to a sly, old rat, with a horn-rimmed lens stuck by force of muscular compression in his left eye, was working with a steel file at some instrument analogous to a dentist's forceps. The table was littered with shining lumps of metal, broken moulds of plaster of Paris, dies and punches of iron and steel, Hessian retorts, Cornish crucibles, blow-pipes, spirit-lamps, vials of different shapes, chisels, pincers, and glass jars closely stoppered. There were also a smith's bellows and a galvanic battery, new and glossy, with the silvery amalgam of the zinc-plates uncorroded, and the French polish of the mahogany stand undimmed by use.

"Colner! A noted hand!" murmured Mr. Moss, parenthetically, in his companion's ear; and then addressing the old man by the title of "Professor Brum," asked him how he did.

"You ought not to let me see that, Brum, you know," the lawyer remarked in an expostulatory manner, pointing to a pile of cracked matrices that lay at the old man's elbow. "I may have to defend you some day, and call witnesses to character, you know. Some things are best kept dark."

Professor Brum, whose real name was doubtless preserved in writing by the Clerk of the Arraigns in Her Majesty's Central Criminal Court, but who was generally known in private life by his learned *alias*, looked up at the attorney with an odd twinkle in his wicked old eyes. "I'm all right, Mr. Moss, sir," he chuckled out; "got a job—button-making—I have. They can't touch me for making buttons, can' they, Mr. Moss, eir?" and he laughed inwardly, till the laugh ended in a fit of coughing that brought tears into his eyes as he slyly contemplated the tall gentleman standing by the lawyer's side.

"And about Jem Sark, Professor? how about Jem Sark and his plans, eh? You can tell us, you see, for it is not long since you and he smoked a pipe together, at the other side of the world—is it, Brum?"

"Four months, three weeks, and two days," observed the veteran numismatist, brushing the steel filings from his shabby sleeve. "I've no call to disguise the fact, Mr. Moss. My time's worked out, my time is. So far as being a returned transport goes, I might look in at Scotland Yard to-morrow, and leave my visiting-card on Sir Richard, I might. I'm not a runaway government man, *I* ain't."

"But you think that Sark probably may be—is not that your meaning?" asked Lord Ulswater quickly.

The old man looked more like a rat than ever, as he showed his long yellow fangs in a grin. "I don't mean anything," he said with provoking composure, and resumed his work.

"Come, come, Professor," put in Mr. Moss in the most coaxing tone of his oily voice; "don't let us go back from our little mutual arrangement. Here's some eye-salve that will make you see my friend's meaning." And he counted down ten sovereigns on the blackened wood-work of the table.

"Take back your yellowboys, Mr. Moss," said the old man in his wheezy voice. "I've thought the matter over again. Second thoughts are safest, they are. It's not worth my while to get myself into Jem Sark's black-books for ten pounds. With Dandy Jem, it's a word and a blow, and sometimes the blow comes first. If you doubled it, now!"

Mr. Moss bit his lips, and looked inquiringly at Lord Ulswater, who answered the look by a quick impatient nod. The lawyer at once produced from an inner pocket a crumpled bank-note, unfolded it, and laid it beside the sovereigns. The rat-like old man very coolly and minutely scanned the water-mark and the signature. "Ah! that always was a cut above me!" he said with a little regretful sigh.

"Now speak, man," said Lord Ulswater, with a petulance unusual to him.

Professor Brum looked up with a quaint leer. "I will speak," said he, "and without more pressing. You want to know whether Jem Sark and the missus are likely soon to return to the country of which they used to be ornaments and blessin's. Well, all I've got to say is this: when a woman sets her heart upon a thing, in a general way she gets it, and especially when she's a handsome woman, and a clever woman, and a proud woman, and a woman with a spice of the devil in her, like Jem Sark's beautiful wife. That's all."

"Then she deceived me—she—it is her wish, not Sark's, to come back to England?" burst out Lord Ulswater with an irrepressible betrayal of his anger and surprise.

The old coiner clawed up the bribe in his lean hand, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket. "All I say is this," he croaked out: "if there's anybody that Mrs. Sark has a grudge against—if there's anybody Mrs. Sark has a hold upon—if there's anybody Mrs. Sark has the will and the power to ruin, let that party look out for his own interests, and soon too. If the sea was twice as wide, it couldn't keep her back. Poverty won't stop her. She and her husband will be back on English ground afore long, if they have to come as stowaways in the hold of a clipper—they will—Now, Mr. Moss, you've had your money's worth for your money. I've got a job to finish. Leave me to my buttons."

They could extract no more information from him; and they left him, being reconducted by the gaunt old New England woman to the street-door, where Ikey and the two able-bodied Jews awaited them. Their homeward course was unmarked by any adventure. At the corner of the Old Jewry, they parted company, Lord Ulswater springing into a Hansom that loitered there. "The Eleusis Club," he said; "and drive fast!"

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE CLUB.

The Eleusis was a small club—small, and very choice. It was a work of time, and patience, and strategy for the most eligible candidate to get himself enrolled in that exclusive band of brothers. Aspirants of inferior pretensions, after manœuvring for years to obtain the dubious privilege of being put up for ballot there, were sure to be blackballed without mercy. It was a far easier achievement to win a baronetcy, or the Grand Cross of the Bath, or to head a following in the House of Commons, than to become an Eleusinian. It was a very old club, and its reputation was historical. The great dandies of other days, the bloods and beaux of the Georgian reigns, had handled the dice-box and dealt the cards within its venerable walls. Provincials eyed it with respectful awe as they passed its large bay-window. It was not very splendid or imposing to look upon, but there was a magic haze of prestige that surrounded it, and which lent it an enchantment in which the great palaces of political clubs were wholly lacking. The Eleusis might be beaten as to its cellar, and surpassed as to its cook; it was not upon such gross material merits as these that it took its stand, and based its claims to homage. Like the snowy summits of the Jungfrau, its chief charm lay in its extreme inaccessibility. Of this club, however, Lord Ulswater was a member.

It was late, and only two or three men were lingering in the smoking room of the Eleusis A stray Acteon of a bucolical visitor, could such a one have slipped unrebuked past the lynx-eyed porter in the hall, and so into the penetralia of the building, might not easily have discerned any peculiar nimbus encircling the beatified brows of these, the initiated. They were remarkable for nothing, unless it were for the terms of easy intimacy with one another on which they seemed to be. The Eleusinians, for the most part, knew each other. Their tastes and habits were congenial, and their walk in life the same. Rank alone would no more carry a candidate triumphantly through that fiery ordeal of a ballot of theirs, than money or genius would do it. To be an Eleusinian was to be a man of fashion. The late Lord Ulswater, for instance, would probably have been rejected, had he put in a plea for membership. But the present peer, while still a younger brother, had gone through the perilous probation with triumphant success.

"Going anywhere?" asked one member of another, lazily beating off the white ashes from his cigar. "Nothing going on to-night worth looking in at, is there?"

"Nothing at all," answered the Eleusinian addressed, yawning unaffectedly. Nothing going on! It was the high tide of the London season. The rank, wealth, wit, and fashion of the greatest city in the world had gathered together within the Bills of Mortality, nay, within much narrower limits. There were two prima-donnas warbling to the grand tiers of two Italian Operas; there were ever so many brilliant theatres; perhaps a hundred crowded parties, from Bloomsbury to Belgravia, were taxing the resources of London; that very night, there was a gigantic crush in Mayfair, whereat polite multitudes were collected. Each of these young gentlemen had a score of invitations lying dormant on his mantel-piece, but there is such a thing as a surfeit of sweetness, and the season had lasted some time.

"To be sure, there's old Lady Dol's dance!" said Chirper of the Life-guards, after further reflection.

"Horrid old bore!" returned Laxington, who might be described as of the Royal Yacht Squadron, since, out of town, he lived upon the Solent. That was all they said of a prodigious entertainment given to about eleven hundred of the Upper Ten Thousand, if such a sacred myriad there be, and at which every one was supposed to be enjoying the splendid hospitality of the Right Hon. the Marchioness of Doldrums, of Castle Despond, in the kingdom of Ireland. This *grande dame*, of whose ball the *Morning Post* of the morrow would discourse as of a stolen glimpse of Fairyland, was the "Lady Dol" thus contemptuously alluded to.

"You ought to be there, Laxington, and dancing away like a good young man. And so ought I, for the matter of that. They'll say we weren't asked. Crawley will, I know," said Lieutenant Chirper.

"So much the better. Quite a distinction. It's a deal pleasanter here. I wonder how hot they find themselves now, by Jove! at Lady Dol's," suggested Mr. Laxington, very placidly.

"Flora Hastings will be there, I know. The belle of the season. Splendid she looked last night at York House!" said the third member of the group, Tregoose of the Colonial Office, a rising man, who was thought to govern his chief and to be a cabinet minister in embryo.

"Belle of the season! as if there were not half-a-dozen belles of the season. Hate the word! it puts me in mind of a bad novel," sneered Chirper of the Life-guards.

"You never read a novel, or any other book, in your life, Chirper, my boy!" said Mr. Tregoose serenely; "and Miss Hastings is the belle of the season, in spite of you. Beautiful girl she is, for those that like fair women at least; but it's a pity she should be going to marry that muff, Morgan: though I know he's got lots of tin," added the speaker almost deprecatingly, for money has a mysterious power to blunt the edge of hostile criticism.

"I know," said Laxington, "that we'd particularly pill him, if he got himself put up for ballot *here;* and that's all I know about him. He's got a yacht—the *Wing;* he bought her from Troytown, when Charley went to the bad; a pretty thing she is, and very fast—but we declined the honor of his company in our little place at Cowes, when he got old Boodleborough to propose him."

"I rather like Morgan," observed Mr. Tregoose, between the puffs of his cigar. "I think he's a slow fellow, but not a bad one. He was my fag at Eton, and used to catch it awfully for burning the toast and spilling"—puff!—"the coffee over his master's knees. He is sure to be in parliament, and for the county too, next election. He's as rich as the Duke of Towcester. His character is very good. The old ironmaster, his father, who began life with a pickaxe and twelve bob a week, left him such a fortune in land, stock, scrip, and shares, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer would give his ears to confiscate. He has got a yacht, and is sea-sick; hunters, and can't ride; race-horses, and forgets his own jockey's colors. He has no relation except that poor girl with the crooked spine—Miss Ruth, you know—the sister. He reads blue-books till his eyes ache; and he's to marry Flora Hastings."

"Well, he can afford it; I can't," said Laxington, throwing away the stump of his cigar,—"Are you going my way, Chirper?"

"Yes," said Chirper, getting slowly on his feet; "and so is Tregoose."

But Tregoose was not going to quit the club with Laxington and Chirper. "I promised to meet a man here. I must give him a little law. It's Ulswater."

"O yes, you great political swells all hang together," chirruped Chirper. 'I'm afraid to speak to Ulswater after that speech of his, and all the puffs the papers gave him. He'll be premier, ten years hence, if he don't train too fine.—Good-night!" And they went.

Mr. Tregoose left alone, smoked and fidgeted, and looked repeatedly at his watch. It was late. He was tired. The club was deserted; and the smoking-room waiter, to whom sleep was precious, hovered about the door, and eyed him wistfully, hoping that he would go. But Mr. Tregoose did not go. He was under obligations to Lord Ulswater. But for the friendship of John Carnac, Arthur Tregoose would never have been a member of the Eleusis; so he waited.

At last Lord Ulswater came in with a quick tread. His smooth broad brow wore an unusual look of trouble upon it.

"Too bad, I call this. An hour and twenty minutes behind time! An awful sacrifice to friendship, in my opinion," said Tregoose of the Colonial Office from his divan. Then, dropping his light tone at the sight of the new-comer's dark looks, he added earnestly: "By George! Carnac, I hope it's nothing serious. Nothing wrong, old boy?"

Lord Ulswater shook his head.

"There is nothing serious the matter; and I may say there is nothing wrong," he made answer, in a voice that he vainly tried to render careless and joyous. "But—you're a good fellow, Tregoose, and I do believe that if there were a screw loose, I might ask you to help me as confidently as any man in London, to say the least of it."

"Try me when you like," answered Tregoose, getting up from his place. "I never make proxy speeches. But I should be a more ungrateful beggar than I am, Ulswater, if I did not recollect half a score of good turns that you have done me, first and last; so, if I can be of use, just say the word, and I shall not hang back, I promise you."

Lord Ulswater stretched out his strong right hand, the hand that an hour or two before had beaten down Bendigo Bill upon the greasy pavement of Great Popplewell street, and grasped the delicate white fingers of his studious friend.

"Thanks, Tregoose," he said simply; and then added: "Can't you do pretty much as you like, you Colonial Office magnificos, in Australia still—unofficially, I mean, of course?"

Mr. Tregoose did not understand.

"I mean," said the other hesitatingly—"can you not still get good information as to the character and conduct of conditionally liberated convicts? Could you not push a protege, or, in case of need, put a spoke in the wheel of a badly-disposed fellow? The police, I believe, are very high-handed and influential at the antipodes. I have reason for asking."

"I see," said Mr. Tregoose slowly: "no doubt, unofficially, we can do something. An official dispatch would set up the backs of the colonial functionaries, and cause the local press to bray out its wrath at our meddling propensities. But a quiet note—why, yes. What is it about?"

"It is Western Australia that I am thinking of. There is a convict there, one Sark, James Sark. I have reason to believe he means to take French-leave, and return home, which would be disagreeable to me, I frankly own, for reasons which, if you please, I will—"

"No, no reasons. Always avoid painful explanations!—Well, my dear Ulswater, I'll do it for you; for you, mind—though, if the *Trumpet of Freedom* got hold of the story, I should be but a lost politician.—If Mr. James Sark leaves Australia before the expiration of his legal sentence, I give you leave to put me in the pillory. Good-night, old boy, good-night."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SCENE SHIFTS.

It was on the fourteenth day of Ruth Morgan's visit at St. Pagans, and the eighth since the evening on which her hostess, grimly-kind Lady Harriet, had told her the story of the Monk. There were no gray mists now, no shrieking wind tearing at the casements, no groan of the sullen waves among the caverns of the coast-line. The old abbey and its surroundings looked almost cheerful in the noontide glory of the day. High up above the crisp turf of the downs, the lark floated, pouring down those floods of trembling music that welled fast and faster from his little throat, far off in the hot, blue air. The July sun—it was July now—turned the very mosses upon the weather-beaten stones of the abbey into a royal drapery of cloth of gold, tinged the summer haze with flame-hued splendors, shed a warmer lustre over the pale purity of the unsullied chalk-cliff, and made the sea shine like a monstrous opal, shimmering in endless undulations of white, yellow, azure, and green, for leagues away across the level waters.

Ruth rose late. To her, as to that sad sisterhood of sufferers to which she belonged, bodily weakness denied the enjoyment of the blithe morning air, the exhilarating sparkle and buoyancy of the fresh young day. Her poor breakfast was taken up stairs; and it was past noon, when, leaning on the arm of her maid, she came down, to find her entertainer, with a flush of excitement on her rigid old face, awaiting

her in the Tapestry Room, an open letter in her hand.

"There, dear, read that!" said Lady Harriet, almost snappishly. "I was afraid you would be dull here, shut up with me, but here is something to enliven us. Mrs. Hastings writes me word that her husband is ill, down at Shelton Manor, in the full London season, with parliament sitting, and a great deal of public business left undone. However, he has got the gout, and must stay where he is, and his family have been obliged to join him. It seems cruel to tear Miss Flora away from all her London triumphs; but Mrs. Hastings seems to consider there is no chance of their being able to get back to town before the end of the session. They arrived last evening, and one of the grooms from the Manor came up on horseback with this note half an hour ago. I should have been glad to have my neighbors near me again, only that they generally manage to fill their house with tiresome company—young ladies of the modern school of manners, and young gentlemen to match, to whom I cannot talk, and who come to St. Pagans and stare at me as if I were a fossil."

"I do hope my brother will come. I am sure he will, now that Flora Hastings is to be here. I shall be so glad to see him months before I expected to do so;" said Ruth, with a sudden brightness in her large eyes. She had been now a fortnight at the abbey, and her only brother had not only not come down to see her, but in his letters, which were frequent, if short, he had not hinted at any intention of doing so—and yet Shelton is within a short railway journey of the great city. William Morgan was a good brother, as brothers go. It would perhaps have been hardly reasonable to expect him fully to reciprocate, or even to understand, the depth of his invalid sister's excessive love for him. He was fond of her, certainly, very fond, and had a sincere pity for her afflicted state. If there had been in Europe any marvellous elixir, too costly for common purses to compass its purchase, and by the aid of which Ruth could have been cured of her bent spine and failing health, at the price of, say a hundred thousand pounds, William Morgan would cheerfully have signed his name to a cheque for that amount. If she could have eaten gold, as the saying is, or had cared to sip molten pearls, like Cleopatra, her brother would not have grudged her those luxuries. He had once taken her to Malaga for the winter; though the time hung so heavily on his hands there, that he had never since been courageous enough to essay a similar act of self-sacrifice. It was not his fault that she was not in the habit of passing the cold season of fogs and east winds at Mentone or Algiers, or Cannes, or Cairo, or at any of the modern Bethesdas most in fashion, with some penniless old widow of rank for a chaperon, with her maids, and carriage, and courier, and as thick a volume of circular-notes as ever gladdened the eyes of woman.

But Mr. Morgan quite forgot how very precious was the sight of the only face she loved on earth in the eyes of his suffering sister, and he made no proposition of running down to the lone old abbey on the cliff, previous to the unexpected transference of the Hastings family from London to the sea-side. He had an excuse, to be sure, for that pre-occupation of his thoughts which made him often negligent to Ruth, though never unkind: he was in love, had made his offer and had been accepted. Flora Hastings, whom those competent authorities, the Eleusinians, had pronounced the belle of the current season, had promised to be his wife. She was one of the loveliest young women in England, and perhaps one of the best, graceful, high-bred, and accomplished, with the sweetness of temper without which the rarest gifts of mind and body are often but as sour grapes and Dead-sea apples. Flora Hastings was quite young. It was but her second season in the high-pressure London life, and it was truly said that she was twice as beautiful as she had been when she was first presented at court the year before. She had no money, certainly, Belgravia said—eight or ten thousand pounds at most; for Mr. Hastings would leave nothing away from his son, and the fortune of Flora's mother would for the most part pass away at her death. But William Morgan did not want money. Beauty, and tenderness, and grace—Miss Hastings was well dowered with these, and she could bring him, too, the mystic prestige of aristocratic connection, that all his father's over-brimming wealth had not yet availed to buy, or to render, unnecessary. He was an ambitious man, in one sense of the word; and though he was really in love, he was not insensible to the worldly advantages of the match. It would give him the one thing without which his vast fortune was but as Aladdin's palace without the roc's egg and the twenty-fourth window.

The father of the belle, or of, at anyrate, one of the reigning belles, and that the best esteemed, of the London season, was a type of a small but very important body of Englishmen. The Right Honorable Robert Drummond Eliot Hastings had been in Parliament ever since the termination of his legal period of infancy, and in office, at short intervals, nearly as long. He claimed cousinship with most of what are called, rather too sweepingly, perhaps, the governing families of England; and the governing families had been so good as to allow the claim, and to give a practical illustration in the speedy promotion of their kinsman of the proverb that declares blood to be thicker than water. Mr. Hastings was no orator, but he was listened to with that respect which the House always shows for a good man of business. He was seldom spoken of in the newspapers, but rarely, if ever, without such a modicum of cold praise as suited his solid if not showy qualities. He was laborious, punctilious, and clear-headed, would have made an excellent clerk, and was a good working minister. He held high office, presiding over one of those departments that deal with facts and figures and dry tabulated statements; needful, no doubt, but the details of which are caviare to the general public. He had a moderate patrimony, had married a rich wife, who was related to the House of Carnac, had saved money, and had purchased the manor of Shelton-on-Sea, with a good house of the gray masonry and peaked gables of 1620, and seven or eight hundred acres of barren land. Thither he was accustomed to repair sometimes, having a robust faith that the sea was the true Medea's caldron for the conversion of old people into young ones; and here the gout had surprised him, and chained him captive, let Downing street chafe never so much.

To Lady Harriet Ashe, *locum tenens*, of the abbey of St. Pagans, this illness of her principal neighbor was a great event. Few folks really like seclusion; and although Lady Harriet, railed against the yellow-whiskered puppies who were plentiful at Shelton Manor in the two or three months of fine weather that followed the prorogation of Parliament, she was secretly more pleased that she cared to own, that her hermitage should be so often invaded. It is better to be stared at as a fossil old maid, or as St. Mundiga once more in the flesh, or in any other capacity, than to rust unseen by human eye; and if Lady Harriet did not acknowledge this truth in theory, she owned it in practice. There were no grounds for apprehension about the ailment of her friend, or rather the husband of her friend—the gout does not kill, save on very rare and special occasions. The Right Honorable Robert was likely to draw his stipend and discharge his duties for many a year yet to come.

But Lady Harriet and her guest were, both of them, surprised, and a little startled withal, when, in the course of that long, warm afternoon, when the sea lay like a sheet of gilded glass, and the hum of a bewildered bee knocking its honest head against the window-pane was the only sound audible, the butler came in with creaking tread to announce "My lord." Old Hicks himself was quite excited—his lord—who, after all, was the master who paid his wages, and whose noble father and brother he had served—came so seldom. Since the house had been his, nay, since young Guy Carnac, his nephew, had been laid in his little coffin, Lord Ulswater's visits had been rare as those of angels.

How noble, and fair, and frank he looked, as he came in now, with a pleasant smile on his bright face, and bent to kiss Lady Harriet's furrowed brow, as was his wont when a boy.

"You won't refuse me house-room for a few days," he said, "will you, aunt? I hardly like to break into your castle without due notice, but I trust that you and Miss Morgan will forgive my rude intrusion here. Nonsense—St. Pagans is not mine, you know. It is yours by long usage, and I only want a corner of it, and will not be troublesome. Miss Morgan, I had the pleasure of your brother's company on the journey down. He is at Shelton, at the *Regent Hotel*. I daresay we shall see him to-morrow. You will excuse my saying that I like him immensely. He and I had a long chat coming down."

And before the evening closed, Lady Harriet found an opportunity of saying in her young friend's ear what a good, dear fellow was John, the best of nephews, who had come down to a house he evidently did not like, in the full London season, to see his old aunt. "For why else should he have come, my dear?" said the old lady, triumphantly. Why indeed?

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INOPPORTUNE VISIT.

Lady Harriet was in a flutter of delighted astonishment at her nephew's unpremeditated visit. She insisted on regarding it as a compliment to herself; and the good old woman's heart smote her because, in her fondness for Reginald, she had cared little for John. The bright boy, whom every one liked, had seemed to stand in no need of her affection. The noble, high-spirited youth, the man whose career was one of lofty promise, found friends everywhere. The good, grim aunt had been almost jealous of John Carnac's popularity, in which her own favorite, the shy and moody heir, had no portion. But she reproached herself for this involuntary injustice. No one held the present head of the House in higher esteem than did she. That he should leave the glitter of London and his successes in Parliament, to pass days in the dull seclusion of St. Pagans, was merely another instance of that unselfishness of disposition which was his chief charm in her eyes.

In the eyes of Ruth Morgan, Lord Ulswater found less favor, though she knew not why. Most men liked this man, and nearly all women. But among those who felt themselves drawn towards the chief of the Carnac family, Ruth was not numbered. Some strange instinct within her was awakened by his presence, and it cried aloud to her to beware; it repelled her from him, and made her shrink and draw back, afraid, with an unreasoning fear. Some of us have felt and marvelled at this thrill of irrational antipathy, this innate distrust of some fellow-creature whom the world combines to honor, even as it lavished its brightest smiles upon John, Baron Ulswater. She was not one of those who are willingly unjust, this poor ailing girl, to whom life was so arid and so brief. She blamed herself, in that she disliked Lord Ulswater, whom she had seldom seen, and of whom she had heard nothing but good; but she reluctantly admitted to herself her own dislike to him. She had resisted it, but the dark fiend of formless Suspicion would not be exorcised. She, in the innocence of a pure heart and a blameless life, knew not that the dark fiend sometimes deserves to be held as a saving angel, as Ithuriel's self, poised high on falcon wings, with heavenly spear outstretched towards the fair surface that covers hidden guilt.

It was not Ruth's fault if she shrank away from the glance of Lord Ulswater's eye, or the touch of Lord Ulswater's hand. She had been, at first, well disposed to like him, but that was because he was dear old Lady Harriet's nephew, and before they had met face to face. She did not like him, and she was angry with herself for the prejudice which she could not conquer.

The owner of St. Pagans may or may not have been aware of this repugnance towards himself on the part of his aunt's guest, but at any rate he did not resent it. Gentle and courteous to all women, he was especially considerate to ailing Ruth, and the charm of his manner by degrees overcame her aversion to him. Very few, indeed, were those who could remain long in the company of John Carnac, from the days of his childhood up to these latter times, without experiencing, in a greater or less degree, the strange power to please that seems a birthright of certain natures. By the middle of the day following Lord Ulswater's arrival at his own neglected mansion, Ruth Morgan had begun to tell herself that she had judged him ill. She had never seen him before, save in London, and he had never addressed to her more than a few words at a time; but now that they two were thrown together in the lone country-house upon the cliff, she could not but note that no word ever fell from Lord Ulswater's lips that was not generous and kind. Men of such acknowledged parts as his, as Ruth knew well, were often apt to be cynical in speech, if not in deed. From any affectation such as this, Lord Ulswater was free. It seemed as if his genial nature followed its natural bent in taking the broader and more indulgent view of the motives and actions of those around him. He was very kind and patient, too, listening to Lady Harriet's rather discursive talk without any sign of weariness. And as Ruth, from her sofa in the Tapestry Room, watched him leaning on his elbow in the open window overlooking the gold and purple of the summer sea, she could not explain to herself by what prodigy of Unreason she could have learned to dread, and almost to hate, the gallant gentleman before her.

The morning had gone by, and the hands of the clock were traversing the dial-plate towards the dinner-hour, but no communication had taken place between the new-comers at Shelton-on-Sea and the inmates of the abbey. Lord Ulswater had shown no intention of making his way across the downs on that day, either to the watering-place or the Manor where the gouty statesman lay a prisoner; and William Morgan, Esquire, of Plas Vawr and Bettwys Vychan, in Wales, of Stoneham and Nettlington Halls, in the counties of Stafford and Northampton respectively, and of Cramlingham in the county of Hants, did not appear in any very violent hurry to visit his sick sister at St. Pagans. Yet Ruth felt sure that he would come. Her quick ear caught the roll of wheels upon the flinty down-road, some moments before the sound was audible to her companions; and then came the shrill clang of the bell at the lodge-gate, where once the almoner of the monastery had dealt out a daily dole of food and silver-pennies to a ragged army of beggars. But it was not Mr. Morgan who was announced. There was some disappointment on Ruth's pale face, and the light faded from her eager eyes, as the butler came in to say that the caller was "Dr. Marsh, of Shelton-on-Sea, who wished very much to see my lord."

"Mr. Marsh, from Shelton? What can the man want?" said Lady Harriet unthinkingly; and then catching a glimpse of her nephew's countenance, could not help exclaiming: "What is the matter, dear? Are you ill?"

"Ill?—not I!" answered the object of her solicitude, turning away with an impatient gesture. There was nothing remarkable in the words themselves, but there are some accents of the voice which convert the most common-place remark into something like a curse. Lord Ulswater had said nothing at which the most sensitive had a right to take umbrage, but the savage tone spoke for itself; and besides, both Lady Harriet and Ruth, ay, and the old serving-man as well, had seen that sudden, ghastly whiteness spread over the young lord's comely face—not the pallor of vulgar fear, but a stony horror that might have become one whose fated gaze had fallen on Medusa's dreadful beauty, glaring from the shield of doom. No, the words were nothing, but the voice in which they were spoken was terrible. There was a pause, long and unpleasant, but no one cared to break the awkward silence.

Very slowly, and after a delay that was probably magnified by the imagination of the two women, Lord Ulswater turned from the window, and fronted them. He was pale still, but the look of haggard misery and hopeless despair that his noble face had worn a little while before had passed away; there was the old sunny light in his frank eyes, and he smiled, though with an effort that he took no trouble to dissemble. "I was rude," he said, with the grace that was natural to him; "I beg your pardon. A sharp pain—I sometimes feel it now—made me faint and giddy for the moment, and I am always cross when in pain, as you remember, aunt, I daresay. Perhaps Mr. Marsh may do me good—he is clever, and I think he understands my constitution better than London doctors can do." Quite unaffectedly he spoke, and while he uttered the first sentence he kept his hand to his left side, as if the pang that had unnerved him had not yet ceased. No more than this was wanted to make Lady Harriet rise from her seat, overflowing with sympathy, and suggest various cordials and essences, lamenting the prevalence, now-a-days, of heart-complaints as compared with the period of her own far-off youth. "But you write, and read, and think a great deal more than we did, dear John," she said, "and a great deal more than is good for you. I was afraid when I read of your great doings in the House—"

"But I am well now, quite well," said Lord Ulswater resolutely.—"Tell her not to pity me, Miss Morgan, for I should be a miserable impostor if I gave myself the airs of an invalid. I am as strong as Samson, I believe. London and late hours would have tried him pretty sharply, but you will not see the last of me just yet.—Hicks, where is the doctor?"

"Tower Room, my lord," said the butler promptly. "Would your lordship prefer—"

"No; the Tower Room will do as well as another," said his master with his usual easy indifference of manner; and smiling, he left the two ladies together, and strode along the vaulted passage, Hicks trotting on briskly in front, like an elderly raven. The establishment at St. Pagans was not one of those grandiose households where there are house-stewards and majordomos and grooms of the chambers. The revenues of the Carnacs were not considerable, for their rank at least, though they were far above the average rent-roll of an untitled country gentleman. Lady Harriet was not fond of display, and if she had been ostentatious in her tastes, she would have scrupled to gratify them at her nephew's charges. Hicks grumbled a little when in his old age his command of household retainers was pared and clipped; but he had two men in livery under his orders still, and with these he had made as brave a show as might be, to receive the medical guest. Few of the Shelton people, except Mrs. Mayjory, the vicar's wife, had the privilege of exchanging calls with Lady Harriet; and the veteran butler was not above dazzling the eyes of Mr. Marsh, surgeon, and doctor by brevet of common parlance, by exhibiting the coronated buttons of Charles and Thomas in the entrance-hall.

Whether the splendor of the footman had produced the desired effect, or whether Mr. Marsh had something on his mind, it was certain that he looked nervous and uneasy as Hicks respectfully closed the door of the apartment and left him in presence of Lord Ulswater. He came forward, rubbed and bowed, and then bowed again, and bit his lip, and murmured some feeble common-place about a disinclination to intrude. Then he took the chair to which Lord Ulswater motioned him, and cast a quick glance, almost a glance of suspicion, around him. The Tower Room was remote from the apartments commonly used by the family, and it is probable that the butler's only motive in conducting the visitor so far was a desire to show him the extent of the mansion. It was, with the exception of the porch, the most ancient portion of the original structure, and in it, according to tradition, the monks had been accustomed to place their charters and church-plate, their treasure-chest and other valuables, as in the most secure spot, whether against fire or thieves. The walls, of solid masonry, were enormously thick, and the ceiling was low, and studded with beams of black oak, ungainly, but strong enough to defy decay. There were four windows, which had once been grated with iron, but these obstacles to daylight and burglars had been removed. Indeed, the Tower Chamber stood so close to the terraced face of the cliff, that no robber unprovided with wings could well have gained access to it from without, and on each side a jutting buttress projected over the dizzy precipice itself. The room, which was seldom entered, was sumptuously furnished after the taste of King George the Second's courtiers, and contained a quantity of China monsters, tall Japan jars, Indian screens, French upholstery, and Dutch pictures, which had no doubt cost Augustus, Baron Ulswater, known in family history as the Wild Lord, a very great sum of money. With all this incongruous finery, the old Tower Room had but a dark and melancholy aspect, even on that summer's day.

Meanwhile Lady Harriet, who loved to talk, and to whom new themes were scarce, gave her young friend the benefit of her ideas regarding the intruder. "I do not like the man," she said, honestly outspoken as ever. "I did not like him, even when Dr. Dennis was going about singing the praises of the wonderful talented young assistant who had come to lighten his hard work for him.—Clever? Yes, I believe he is clever. He studied in Germany, and is a good doctor, they tell me. But I never could forgive the man his ingratitude in setting up at Shelton-on-Sea, in opposition to his kind old employer, and doing all he could to make poor Dennis ridiculous, and coax away his patients. He is an unprincipled fellow, I am sure. He was very poor when first Dr. Dennis took him into his house. Then he got money, no one knew how, and took a fine house on the Royal Parade, and set up to practice on his own account. There are plenty of things said about him in Shelton-on-Sea; not that I care about watering-place gossip and scandal, my dear; but they say he is seldom sober now. He married a farmer's daughter, and I believe he leads her a sad life, poor thing. None of the best people call him in, but he goes a good deal among the poor—he is the workhouse doctor, I know—and I suspect he has come up here to ask John for money to get comforts for his pauper patients—John is always good to the poor, and everybody knows that. A kinder heart no man ever had. When poor little Guy died, John felt it terribly, terribly, for Reginald's sake. He said little, but I saw how sad he was, dear fellow!" And thus the good garrulous old lady ran on in her nephew's praise. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Domestic Life of Abraham Lincoln.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, of East Camno, Strathmore, Scotland, who during a number of years was pastor of a Presbyterian Church, at Springfield, and, with his family, enjoyed the closest and most unreserved association with Mr. Lincoln and his family, gives a positive denial to the Ann Rutledge romance as narrated by Mr. Wm. H. Herndon, of Springfield, which winds up with the untimely death of a lady with the romantic name of Miss Ann Rutledge, and the burial of the heart of Mr. Lincoln in her grave. Mr. Lincoln, it is contended in opposition to Herndon, met the lady who, for nearly a quarter of a century, was his wife, when she was a girl of only seventeen years of age. She was handsome, accomplished, and full of life, and possessed attractions in his eyes so powerful that in less than three months after their acquaintance, he had become an ardent, persevering and devoted suitor for her hand, and for three years he persisted in the courtship which resulted in what both parties considered and professed to be, a marriage whose highest inducement was the devoted love of each for the other. During the twenty-two or three years of married life that followed, he was the fond lover that he had been before marriage; his great love for his wife and children is a pleasant remembrance to those who were favored with an entrance into their happy and united family circle. Mr. Lincoln, it is said, was never absent from home or from his wife for more than a day that he did not gratify his own affectionate nature, and the suggestions of his life of love, by sending daily letters of kindly greeting to his wife at home. From the day of his marriage to that of his death, there never was a compliment personal or political, no success or triumph, no event of any kind calculated to gratify his pride or ambition, that his first impulse was not to communicate the fact to his wife that his enjoyment might be made more perfect by having it shared by her. Of this invariable rule adopted by him, there are several instances memorable in the history of his public life. It is a cruelty, it is said, to hearts already bruised as it rarely fails to human lot to suffer, and cruel to the memory of a man who was candor and truth personified, to give currency to such idle tales as this now exploded "romance" manufactured by Mr. Herndon.

We may add, however, that the public care little about the "cruelty" involved, but simply care about the truth. The pattern mode of writing biographies of distinguished men does not now-a-days find favor with sensible people—they much prefer the Biblical method of telling the whole truth, even if a very King David, and other men "after God's own heart," are to be depicted. And when the whole truth is not told, let there be at least no pious falsehoods.

☞ An editor in Illinois recently saw a patent clothes-washer. It was in the shape of a wheel-barrow. The revolutions of the wheel put in motion a crank that moved a plunger that pounded the clothes. The body of the box was mounted where the load is, in a wheel-barrow. On the top of the box was a wringer. A lady can put her clothes in her machine, pick it up and go out calling; the longer her list of friends, the further she will have to wheel her burden, and the better her clothes will be washed.

☞ You may depend upon it that a slight contrast in character is very material to happiness in marriage.

☞ "Sal," said one girl to another, "I am so glad I have no beau now!" "Why so?" asked the other. "Oh, cause I can eat as many onions as I please."

☞ The minister of a Western church, at a wedding recently, said: "Let those wishing to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony now stand up;" and all the young ladies present immediately arose.

☞ At the Hoosac tunnel, on Friday week, a steel drill, an inch and a half in diameter, and five feet long, fell 316 feet down a shaft, and went through the body of a man, and pinned him to a two inch plank. After the plank was split open two men were obliged to exert all their strength to draw the drill from his body. The poor fellow died the next day.

Negro Superstitions.

There appears to be some tendency among the negroes of the South-West to relapse into their old African superstitions, recollections and traditions of those fetish rites never having thoroughly died out.

"The Rev. C. K. Marshal, of Mississippi, stated in the pulpit at Memphis, that Voodooism is beginning to take hold amongst the negroes. This is a superstition little less horrible than the most idolatrous religion of Africa. It prevails more extensively in New Orleans than elsewhere, and its rites and ceremonies are most disgusting. Its followers believe in incantations and charms, bewitching their enemies by pieces of hair, feathers, and similar articles which are charmed. They have been suspected of human sacrifices, and are known to rob graves that they may procure materials for their charms, which are as varied and disgusting as those used by the witches in 'Macbeth.' The initiatory rites, as described by the New Orleans police, who have several times broken in upon them, consist of naked dances around a caldron of charmed snakes, toads, human bones, and similar articles. They have a woman to whom they are subject. The rites of this idolatry are known to be practised on several Louisiana plantations."

From the reports of the session of the Methodist Church Conference, which assembled last November at Galveston, we extract the following:—

"Emmanuel Hammil, a negro preacher from Millican, was ordained a deacon. It was stated he could read the Bible well, was a good preacher, and of good conduct. The bishop wished to know if he held any of the superstitions common amongst the blacks, and was informed that he did not. The bishop then stated that in travelling through Harrison Co., on Red river, he had found a religious organization of the negroes, calling themselves the 'Angel Band.' They were under the direction of an old negro woman, whom they called 'God-Mother,' and who, they believed, knew all their thoughts and actions, whether they were present or absent. She prescribed punishment at pleasure, which was received without opposition by the criminal. It was expected that each person should receive a revelation from heaven and relate it to the society. One boy, about fourteen years of age, received no divine light, and was ordered to be flogged till the vision came. This was done, and a wonderful story was related. The bishop asked the boy how it was that whipping gave him such a revelation, and received the answer, 'Sir, if you had been whipped as I was, you would have had a revelation too, right quick.'"

Monkeys in the Cotton Fields.

A correspondent of the Galveston (Texas) News writes that in 1849 he owned a cotton plantation in Georgia, and that, having occasion to visit the Island of Trinidad, he was persuaded to buy twenty-three monkeys, at a round price, to test their latent capacities for cotton picking. The letter adds: "I was mighty well pleased when I received my monkeys. Their arrival turned my plantation topsy-turvy. For two weeks nothing was done by whites or blacks but play with the monkeys. The overseer got one of the brightest looking, and remained at his house most of the time watching the monkey's tricks, and I must confess that my wife, myself and children were in the same business. Seeing this would not pay, I began making preparations to go to work. I had reckoned on one negro managing ten monkeys, and five monkeys picking as much as three negroes. For the next two weeks, all hands, whites and blacks, were engaged in the cotton fields, teaching monkeys. The result was somewhat different from my calculations. Instead of one negro managing ten monkeys, &c., it took ten negroes to manage one monkey, and then the monkey did not pick a pound or an ounce of cotton. I became disgusted, gave all my neighbors, that would accept, a monkey, and a fortnight since sold the last eight to a travelling menagerie at five dollars apiece. My monkey speculation has thrown me behind six weeks in cotton picking. The next time I go to Trinidad I don't believe I shall want any monkeys."

Brightening All It Can.

The day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out in joyful tones:

"Look! oh, look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!"

"Brightening all it can? So it is," answered papa. "And you can be like the sun, if you choose."

"How, papa? tell me how."

"By looking happy, and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good; that's all."

The next day the music of the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark. The little heart seemed full of light and love, and when asked why she was so happy, she replied laughingly:

"Why, don't you see, papa, I'm the sun? I'm brightening all I can."

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Cannot little children be like the sun every day—brittening all they can? Try it, children.—*Child at Home.*

☞ The following comes from "Out West:" "Austin, Nevada, boasts a most marvellous echo. The guns which were fired there on the morning of Washington's birthday did not cease to reverberate till eight o'clock in the evening."

☞ At the Watervliet (N. Y.) Arsenal, the Gatling gun, which is fired off by the turning of a crank, and is said to keep forty six hundred balls in the air all the while, is now on exhibition. The gun is to be used against the Indians on the frontier.

☞ Since the first appearance of Webster's Elementary Speller, some thirty-five years ago, not less than forty million copies have been printed. Its actual sales during the past year were over one million and five hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars—equal to five thousand and one hundred and thirty-one copies per day for the three hundred and eleven working-days in the year, or five hundred and thirteen per hour, allowing ten hours per day—making an average production of eight and-a-half complete books per minute, or one every seven seconds.

☞ It is asserted that a homœopathic physician in France cures rheumatism by placing a bee on the spot where the pain is the severest, and exciting it until it stings.

☞ A clerk in the Bangor post-office, while reaching into one of the high mail-boxes, slipped from the box on which he was standing, and one of his fore fingers caught upon a sharp hook upon which the mail bags were hung to be filled, and his whole weight came upon it—thus literally hanging him up by his finger pierced with the sharp hook. He had to be lifted off bodily before he could be extricated.

☞ "Miss," said a fop to a young lady, "what a pity you wasn't a mirror." "Why so?" said the blushing lady. "Because you would be such a good looking lass."

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Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—For restoring the lost appetite, and removing those secretions which cause sick headache, biles, heartburn, dyspepsia, diseases of the Liver and Kidneys this medicine has no equal. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of April, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. HENRY E. MCKAR to Miss EUNICE A. CLOUSER, both of this city.

On the 30th of April, by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. CHARLES S. CLARK to Miss AMANDA GARDNER, both of this city.

On the 30th of April, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., the Rev. WILLIAM M. FARR to HELENA L., daughter of Daniel Haddock Jr., of this city.

On the 2d of April, by the Rev. Chas. D. Cooper, Mr. JOHN B. DOBBS to Miss ADELAIDE HARTLEY, both of this city.

On the 24th of April, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. HENRY W. SOTER to Miss MARY A. GRIFFITH, both of this city.

On the 22d of April, by the Rev. Charles Hill, Mr. EDWIN F. QUIN to Miss SALLIE L. DAVIS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Coventry, R. I., March 29th, 1867, ALLERTON BROWN, in his 79th year.

On the 1st instant, Rev. J. GORDON MAXWELL, Rector of Emanuel Church, Phila., in his 52d year.

On the 30th of April, ALEXANDER H. SCHULTZ, in his 62d year.

On the 3th of April, THOMAS COATS, in his 86th year.

On the 29th of April, MARY J., wife of Isaac Thompson.

On the 29th of April, ALBERT G. WALTON, in his 43d year.

On the 29th of April, THOMAS M. WOOD, in his 61st year.

On the 29th of April, JONATHAN DAVIS, in his 80th year.

On the 27th of April, MARY B. HOLSTEIN, in her 90th year.

On the 27th of April, ELIZABETH, wife of the late John Gilmore.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active; about 17,000 bbls sold at $9@10 25 for superfine; $10 50@11 50 for extra; $12@12 50 for low grade Northwest family; $13@14 50 for fair to choice do; $15@15,50 for Penna and Ohio family; $16@17 for California, and $16,50@17,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands according to quality. Rye Flour; 200 bbls sold at from $5 50@5,62½ ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat; 5000 bus common to prime Penna red sold at from $3.16@3,35; 2000 bus Southern do at $3,30@3,35; 5000 bus California, in lots, at $3,40, and small lots of Penna and Southern white at from $3,40@3,50 ₩ bus as to quality. Rye; 2000 bus Western and Penna sold at $1,65@1 70. Corn; about 110,000 bus of prime yellow sold at from $1,24@1,30. Oats; 5000 bus Penna sold at 69@72c.

PROVISIONS—There is a fair business doing; 250 bbls of new mess Pork sold at $23@23,50; prime mess at $21,50@22, and prime at $19@20 ₩ bbl. Mess Beef is selling at $17@20 for Western and $22, 50@24,50 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42. Bacon—Sales of 350 casks plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 15@16c; Sides 10@11½c, and Shoulders at 10¼@11c ₩ lb. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs at 13@13½c ₩ lb; kegs at 14@15c. Butter—Small sales at 18@22c for roll, and 19@16c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 17@18c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 17@18c per dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 1000 bales middlings at 25@26c for Uplands and 29@31c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sale of 1st No 1 Quercitron at $42 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales yellow at 39½@40c ₩ lb.

COAL—We quote white ash at $4,50@4,75, and red ash at $4,75@5,25 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales prime Western at 85@90c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern at 7@7½c, and Western at 7¼@8c. Dried Peaches range at 12@14½c for halves, 17@18c for quarters, and 25@30c for pared.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Clover seed—200 bus sold at $8. Timothy—500 bus sold at $3,37½@3,50. Flaxseed sells at $3 10 ₩ bushel.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 11c for city rendered, and 10½@10½c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues dull. About 120,000 lbs sold at 62@65c for double extra; 58@60c for extra; 57@58c for fine; 50@55c for medium; 48@50c for coarse; 50@55c for fair tub washed; 55@60c for good do; 45@50c for extra western pulled, and 32@35c ₩ lb for No. 1 western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 950 head. The prices realized from 17½@18½c ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 7@8½c ₩ lb. 3200 Hogs sold at from $10@10,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

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THE

GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

(Established, 1861)

Is endorsed by the leading newspapers, religious and secular, in this and other cities, viz.:

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, Orange Judd, Editor.
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, New York City, Daniel Curry, D. D., Editor.
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Cincinnati, Ohio, S. M. Reed, D. D., Editor.
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D. D., Editor.
EVANGELIST, New York City, Dr. H. M. Field and J. G. Craighead, Editors.
EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE, New York City, Edward Bright, Editor.
CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, E. S. Porter, D. D., Editor.
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We call attention to the above list as a positive guaranty of our manner of doing business; as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club lists in former editions of the leading papers of the country.

THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE GREATLY REDUCED.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 20 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET!

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 20 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED (Green & Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 90c., 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best, $1 25 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Coffee Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.
No. 640 BROADWAY, corner Bleecker street.
No. 461 EIGHTH AVE., north corner 34th street.
No. 259 SPRING STREET.
No. 385 FULTON ST., Brooklyn, corner Concord st.
No. 135 GRAND STREET, Williamsburg.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitable among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs, can have each party's name marked on their package and directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collection delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

CLUB ORDER.

North Danville, Caledonia Co., Vt., Jan. 9th, 1867.
To the Great American Tea Company:

Gentlemen: The Tea you sent on the 14th of December arrived in good condition. It gives better satisfaction than the Tea that they are paying two dollars a pound for. I send you the present order of $43 15, to be paid on delivery. Send the Tea to St. Johnsbury by Express, and a bill of it to North Danville for collection.

Yours truly, MRS. J. H. SANBORN, Agent.

4	lb. Imperial Green Tea	H. A. Kelsey	at	$1 25	$5 00
2	Young Hyson, Green	C. Varney	at	50	1 00
3	Fb. Breakfast Coffee	"	at	30	1 50
2	Young Hyson, Green	F. W. Green	at	50	1 00
1	" "	D. P. Chase	at	50	50
1	" "	J. Bickford	at	50	50
1	Imperial	"	at	50	50
3	Young Hyson, Green	M. A. Stevens	at	50	1 50
1	" Boat	A. A. Finley	at	1 25	1 25
2	Imperial Green	J. A. Webster	at	1 25	2 50
1	Young Hyson	P. C. Santorn	at	50	50
2	Fb. Breakfast Coffee	A. Hawkins	at	30	60
1	Imperial Green	J. Bickford	at	1 25	1 25
1	"	M. Stevens	at	50	50
1	"	S. Sprague	at	1 25	1 25
1	"	C. P. Sias	at	1 25	1 25
1	"	S. N. Hubbell	at	1 25	1 25
2	Young Hyson	H. Weeks	at	1 25	2 50
2	"	M. Bray	at	1 25	2 50
1	Gunpowder, Boat	"	at	1 50	1 50

and ten others, making total of $43 15.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to us.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus or imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name. The numbers of our House are advertised above.

TAKE NOTICE.—Clubs and quantity buyers are only furnished from our Wholesale and Club Department.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.
NEW YORK.
Post office Box, 5643 New York City. ap27-tf

AMERICAN

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We claim and are prepared to prove that the American Watches manufactured at Waltham, Massachusetts, are not only equal, but far superior, to the watches of England, Switzerland and France. We also claim that they are CHEAPER, MORE ACCURATE, MORE DURABLE, and more easily kept in order and repaired than any other watches in the market.

Because in each one of the very numerous parts of which a watch is made up, we attain, by mechanical power, nearly *absolute* mathematical precision and uniformity, making every watch of any one style a true copy of its model.

This similarity in structure reduces the cost of production; it secures uniformity in results; it *infallibly* perpetuates any excellence that may be once achieved, and makes it easy to repair any injury sustained, or replace any part that may be lost or destroyed.

In addition to these mechanical advantages, our Watches are simpler in structure, and therefore stronger, and less likely to be injured than foreign watches.

How they run under the hardest trial watches can have, is shown by the following letters:

PENN. RAILROAD COMPANY.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, ALTOONA, PA., 15th Dec., 1866.

Gentlemen:—The watches manufactured by you have been in use on this railroad for several years by our enginemen, to whom we furnish watches as part of our equipment. There are now some three hundred of them carried on our line, and we consider them good and reliable time-keepers. Indeed, I have great satisfaction in saying your watches give us less trouble, and have worn and do wear much longer without repairs than any watches we have ever had in use on this road. As you are aware, we formerly trusted to those of English manufacture, of acknowledged good reputation, but as a class they never kept time as correctly, nor have they done as good service, as yours.

In these statements I am sustained by my predecessor, Mr. Lewis, whose experience extended over a series of years. Respectfully,

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
General Superintendent.
American Watch Co., Waltham.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

LOCOMOTIVE DEPARTMENT, WEST. DIVISION, ROCHESTER, Dec. 24, 1866.

Gentlemen:—I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the great majority of Locomotive Engineers have found by experience that Waltham's Watches are the most satisfactory of any for their uses. They run with the greatest accuracy and steadiness, notwithstanding the rough riding of an engine, and as I have never known one to wear out they must be durable. I hope to see the time when Railway Companies will generally adopt your watches, and furnish them to all engineers and conductors. In my opinion it would greatly tend to promote regularity and safety.

Yours respectfully,
CHARLES WILSON, *G. Chief Engineer,*
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.
American Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.

Any of the grades of Waltham Watches may be purchased of Watch Dealers generally throughout the country.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
No. 182 Broadway, New York; or,
ROBBINS, APPLETON & CO.,
ap13-eow3t No. 158 Washington St., Boston.

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DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT APRIL 22th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, also at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 631 Chestnut Street, or No 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.00	M
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.30	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7.30	"
ERIE MAIL	7.30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.00	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	11.40	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Cincinnati Express leaves daily, except Sunday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.00	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	9.30	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.50	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3.	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

Philadelphia Express and Fast Line arrive daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
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AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
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ALL WANTING FARMS.—GOOD SOIL, Mild Climate, 34 miles south of Philadelphia. Price only $25 per acre. Also improved Farms. Hundreds are settling. Information sent free. Address C. K. LANDIS, Vineland, New Jersey. ap27-3m

500 AGENTS WANTED in a new business. M. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine. 2mo 9-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Spicy.

There was a knot of sea-captains in a store at Honolulu, the keeper of which had just bought a barrel of black pepper. Old Captain ——, of Salem, came in, and seeing the pepper, took up a handful of it.

"What do you buy such stuff as that for?" said he to the storekeeper; "it's half peas."

"Peas!" replied the storekeeper; "there isn't a pea in it."

Taking up a handful as he spoke, he appealed to the company. They all looked at it, and plunged their hands into the barrel, and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it as their universal opinion, that there wasn't a pea in it.

"I tell you there is," said the old captain, again scooping up a handful; "and I'll bet a dollar on it."

The old Boston argument all over the world. They took him up.

"Well," said he, "spell that," pointing to the word "P-e-p-p-e-r," painted on the side of the barrel. "If it isn't half p's then I'm no judge, that's all."

The bet was paid.

The Affectionate Husband.

A husband accompanied his wife to confession. The lady having opened her griefs, the father who was shriving her insisted on administering a severe penitential scourging. The husband, hearing the first stroke inflicted on his better half, interfered, and urged that his wife was delicate, and that as he and she were one flesh it would be better for him, as the stronger vessel, to receive the scourging intended for his helpmate. The confessor having consented to this substitution, the man knelt in his wife's place, while she retired from the confessional. Whack! whack! went the cat, followed by a moan from the good man's lips.

"Harder!—harder!" ejaculated the wife; "I am a grievous sinner!"

Whack! whack! whack!

"Lay it on!" cried she; "I am the worst of sinners."

Whack! whack! and a howl from the sufferer.

"Never mind his cries, father!" exclaimed she; "remember only my sins. Make him smart here, that I may escape in purgatory."

Convivial.

A Philadelphia gentleman of festive tastes, last week assisted at a heavy dinner, took much potable, and did not leave for home until over so many o'clock. On reaching his door-steps and fishing up his night-key, he became satisfied that he was essentially convivialized, and not precisely in that condition which a good husband should be in to meet a good wife. Cautiously entering the hall he stopped, listened a moment, heard no noise, and congratulated himself that the family were asleep. Quietly he took off over-coat, drew off boots, turned off hall-light, slowly ascended stairs to family bed-room, hesitated at door, believed he was *reasonably* right, stealthily entered, found gas turned low, wife apparently asleep, thought she *was* asleep, sat down, listened again, no stir; began to undress; got coat, vest, pants, drawers, stockings all safely off; was journeying carefully toward couch when wife of bosom quietly asked:

"Coming to bed, dear?"

"Yes, love."

"Well, dear, *hadn't you better take off your hat?*"

An Incident of All Fools' Day.

The following story is related to us by an eye witness: On the first instant a plain old farmer, while taking a stroll around the market, dropped his plethoric pocket-book on Seventeenth street, and the waif was soon surrounded by a crowd of fun loving urchins, watching eagerly for some one to pick it up. Sundry passers-by stopped to appropriate the treasure, but were deterred by the uproarious laughter of the boys and the shouts of "April Fool," which invariably greeted them. After some time, the old gentleman discovering his loss, returned in search of his treasure, and to his infinite surprise discovered it lying on the pavement, surrounded by the group aforesaid. Eagerly grasping it, undisturbed by the laughter which greeted him, he opened it, and counting over a goodly pile of greenbacks, pronounced it "all right," and declaring that he had no idea the people in Richmond were so honest, went on his way rejoicing, leaving the urchins to cast wondering glances at each other and endeavoring to discover where the laugh came in.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

Legal Conundrum.

During the trial of a case, a pause occurred, during which the judge, counsel and clients indulged in nonsense appropriate to the occasion. At last one of the visitors propounded the following conundrum: "Why does a lawyer enter on, continue in, and at last abandon his profession?" No one could give a reasonable reason for all this, except the judge, who said that he entered on the legal profession with an enthusiastic desire to enforce justice on all sides; continued in it to make a fortune; and finally abandoned it in disgust. This was voted good, but it was not an answer to the conundrum; and the suitor being called upon, said that the reason a lawyer enters upon his profession is, that he may "get on;" that he continues in it to get honor, and finally abandons it to get honest.

A Motion to Adjourn.

In the western part of the State of New York, Mr. L., a farmer who had been a member of the assembly from his county, was serving on the jury at the County Court. Late in the afternoon, one day, the judge and some of the attorneys engaged in the case then on were discussing the propriety of adjourning or going on with the case that evening. Mr. L., who was one of the jurors drawn in the case, said he hoped the court would adjourn, as he was out with a jury all the night before, and he did not feel able to sit during the evening. The judge at last decided to go on, when Mr. L. rose and said—"I move we now adjourn. According to parliamentary rules a motion to adjourn is always in order." The judge decided that as he did not run his court by Jefferson's Manual he would not put the motion.

☞ The Sausage Machine.—Cook (in a flutter.) "O 'f y' please, 'm, no wonder the flaviour o' them sassengers wasn't to-rights, 'm, which I've jest now ketched Mister Alfred a cuttin' his 'cavendish' in the machine!"

FRENCH COURTSHIP.

How very much better they manage these things in France! Here is a young man, perfectly genteel, of irreproachable conduct, and occupying a good situation in a provincial post-office—and a young lady admirably brought up, with a well authenticated dower of $10,000 (in francs it seems much more)

Free Translation:—

"Good day, Mademoiselle. Have I not the pleasure of addressing Mademoiselle Anastasie Troussenex-Locamus?"

"Such is indeed my name, Monsieur."

"Mademoiselle, I am Victor Achille Hyacinthe Désiré Papelard! My venerable parents have obtained for me the permission of Monsieur, your father, and madame, your mother, to lay at your feet my heart, my hand, my future! May I dare to hope that you will deign to cast a favorable glance on my aspirations?"

"Monsieur, I am enchanted to make your acquaintance! My dear parents having recommended me to accede to your wishes in this respect, it is with much pleasure that I have the honor of accepting the flattering offer you make me. Give yourself, I pray you, the trouble to sit down, that I may immediately impart to my mother the news of your visit."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BRETON COWS.

So little is known of these in the United States that probably not five farmers and dairymen out of every fifty throughout the country, not regular stock breeders, would know what was meant by a *Breton* cow. It is a pity, too, considering their fine points and their many natural superior qualities. There are a few grades, and here and there an animal of pure Breton blood to be found; but if our information is not at fault, Robert L. Maitland, Esq., of Islip, L. I., New York, is the proprietor of the only Breton herd in the United States.

The cattle of Brittany, in France, are blood relatives, cousins german to those of the British channel islands, known as Jerseys, Guerneseys, Sarks and Alderneys in England, while in this country the popular name for all these channel islanders is "Jerseys," and just as proper, as they are all of the same breed, and the majority of our importations are obtained from the island of Jersey. Like their island cousins, the Breton cows are not extravagant milkers as to quantity, the average per diem being about eight quarts. But the extraordinary richness of the milk, it being literally cream, more than makes up in quality the deficiency in quantity, and the butter made from it, which will average during the milking season seven pounds per cow per week, is as rich, sweet, naturally golden tinted, and in every requisite as excellent as any butter can be. A valuable characteristic of the milk of the Breton cows is that there is never the least difficulty in making the best butter from a single cow; whereas, with all other breeds and grades, it frequently happens that the obtaining of butter from an individual animal is next door neighbor to an utter impossibility. Others, that will fill a bucket at a milking, will yield butter of very inferior quality and less in quantity than the average produced from Breton cows. These are provoking conditions, especially with those who keep but a single cow, and have paid a fabulous price for a fine looking animal of some fancy breed.

The advantages of keeping Breton cows for milk and butter purposes, briefly summed up, are as follows:—The quantity of food that will barely subsist a short-horn Devon, or an individual of any of the favorite English dairy breeds in passable condition, will maintain two Bretons in fine flesh and first class flow of milk; so that professional gentlemen and all others living near our large cities, having but a limited range of pasturage and with their families being particularly fond of rich, creamy milk, and the best butter that can be made, may keep two Bretons at a cost only equal to that of one Devon, Durham, or grade animal, with the very great advantage of having one come in in the spring and the other in the fall, thus maintaining the supply of milk and butter the year round.

The Breton cows are remarkable for docility, are kind, gentle, affectionate, always standing to the pail, as every well behaved cow ought, and give down their milk freely and fairly. They are hardier than any of the English dairy stock, the Ayrshires alone excepted, are less fastidious as to their feed, and less liable to any of the ordinary bovine diseases. As a rule, they may be milked to within four weeks of calving, with but little diminution in quantity and no deterioration in quality, during a milking period of eleven months.

Crossed with our best native stock, it is almost a certainty that the quantity of milk would be considerably increased, while the characteristic richness would be well maintained, the hardihood and docility of the animal nothing diminished, and altogether the grade Breton would undoubtedly become the best and most economical milk cows that could be kept by farmers, dairymen, and especially by all whose circumstances will permit of their keeping but one or two cows.

THE PEA BUG PEST.

Several correspondents write, complaining of these little brown-black pirates, that pierce all their peas through and through, making of them miniature vegetable bombshells, charged during the winter each with a bug borer, who dislodge themselves towards spring, leaving the peas holy, hollow spheres.

In several instances friends have by bugs been obliged to abandon their favorite dry pea soup, and say to me—"Certainly you must have a remedy for this preposterous pea *home*-bug, which please publish in the Post, for the benefit of thousands of pea eaters and their posterity."

There is probably no known preventive against the pests planting colonies of their kind in peas—at least none that is always effectual. In many instances, however, they have been partially, and in some entirely discomfited by sprinkling the peas copiously just as they begin to blossom with water having in it about ten per cent. of spirits of camphor, repeating the sprinkling as often as every third day, until the pods are formed, after which all danger is past. We have found a liberal dusting of the blossoms with fine, dry road dust, early in the morning, while the dew is on, a more effectual preventive than the camphorated drench. Otherwise, make a strong decoction of the common May weed that is found in profusion in the roads all over the country, and with an ordinary garden watering pot sprinkle the pea vines the same as with camphor water. Every blossom upon which a drop of the liquid falls will escape attack. But all these preventives are only applicable on a small scale, as in the case of a few rows of garden peas.

As the larvæ remains a mere mite in most cases, invisible to the unaided eye during the immature condition of the pea, its presence is not so objectionable. But developed into an ugly bug, after our peas are ripe and carefully stored away for winter consumption, filling every individual pea as they frequently do with a legged, living core, changing our rich pea soup from a purely vegetable to a semi insect-animal diet, the pests become an intolerable, disgusting nuisance.

Seedsmen and some others prevent the development of the bugs by dusting the newly gathered peas liberally with powdered gum camphor. This answers very well where peas are intended for planting only. But absorbing much of the volatile properties of the drug, they are rendered unfit for cooking. A simpler, cheaper and more effectual method of putting the pests to death and preserving the peas in a condition fit for cooking, is to prepare a big kettle of boiling water and a drying platform. Then fill a basket that will hold, say a half bushel, with peas, and immerse it for the space of fifteen seconds in the boiling water; lift it out, drain two or three minutes, pour out the peas on the platform, dip in another basket full, and so go on till all have been dipped and spread thinly to dry. The embryo bugs are effectually done for by the boiling baptism, and the peas are rather benefitted than otherwise by the immersion. They will keep better, and their vitality is not in the least impaired.

A brief description of the common pea bug will probably interest the majority of all those who plant and eat peas. The Pea Weevil belongs to the CURCULIO FAMILY, Genus *Bruchus*, and is himself *B. pisi*, a minute dusky black beetle two-tenths of an inch in length, cylindrical, almost an exact oval, the head sunk into the thorax, and the mouth provided with sharp, cutting jaws, hard almost as tempered steel. They are timid cowards, "playing possum" by feigning death if meddled with. The female deposits her eggs in the pea blossoms, and these hatching in the fifth or sixth day, find their way into the pods and plant themselves in the form of a minute grub in the young peas. Each grub takes a pea to himself, and if there happens to be more of them than there are peas in the pod, the strongest win the homesteads while the weaker ones perish. There is no uniform period of development. In some instances the grub will come forth a perfect imago in a few days after the pea becomes dry and hard, while in others the metamorphose is so gradual that three months are occupied in the change. A temperature at several degrees below freezing does not retard the development in the least. All the green and blue, shrivelled peas, are less liable to attack from the pea weevil than the smooth, white sorts.

MAIL DEPREDATIONS.

We are having complaints from seedsmen here and elsewhere, and from many to whom packages and parcels have been sent by mail, that although distinctly endorsed—"Cuttings, *Plants*," or "seeds only," which has heretofore been considered sufficient to secure safe transit, said packages have been violated, tampered with, torn open—in some instances a portion of their contents abstracted, and in others exposed to loss or serious damage. In many other instances, packages plainly directed and prepaid, as the law directs, fail to reach their destination, and seedsmen and others sending such parcels receive left-handed blessings due rather to "light-fingered" officials, who find it more convenient to pilfer their supplies of such material than to pay for them honestly.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——Strawberries in all these regions are promising positively a larger yield of better berries than we have ever seen.

——Horses, horned stock of all kinds, sheep, hogs, and hens were never in a more healthy and wholesome condition anywhere than they are at the present time throughout Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware.

——Cayenne pepper, mixed with fine road dust, sifted over young vines, will prevent their destruction by striped bugs. The same, mixed with a little sulphite of soda, and both mixed with moist meal, will save young chickens from death by "gapes."

——A weak solution of saleratus, pretty strongly tinctured with alum, sprinkled over gooseberry bushes, is sure to prevent mildew. So says a friend who has experimented with it four years.

——For a cow that leaks her milk badly, place a little elastic gum ring around each teat. You can cut a set out of an old cast-away rubber shoe—cost nothing—no harm to the cow, and will save in a season several dollars' worth of milk.

——A better knowledge of bugology may be obtained in a single summer season, by the aid, and daily practical use of a simple pocket microscope, costing, perhaps $1 50, than five year's study of any book extant will afford.

——To make tomato plants, egg plants, bush squashes, and all sorts of vines grow the best they can, top-dress and dig in around them a compost of ashes, bone dust, and chicken guano—a spoonful to a plant—two or three to a hill.

——Some enterprising Michigander advertises to send wild turkey's eggs, warranted fresh, securely packed, and insured to hatch, to all who forward first the "pictorials" at a dollar per egg. Probably there will be several more people than wild turkey's eggs sold.

RECEIPTS.

BROCOLI GREENS.—Arrange them in nice little bundles like asparagus, and tie them with string, then put them into a saucepan with plenty of boiling water, salt, and a piece of soda. When cooked (let them not be over done) take the bundles carefully out of the water, and put them to drain on a colander near the fire, so as to keep them warm. At the time of serving remove the strings, send up your greens as you would asparagus, and you will find that their appearance and taste are immensely improved, if you have been in the habit of eating them *à l'Anglaise*. Over them, or in a sauce-boat, may be served either plain melted butter or any other sauce.

BROILED VEAL (VENETIAN WAY).—Cut some slices of veal tolerably thick and large, and let them marinate for about an hour in a little oil, chopped parsley, mushrooms, shallots, bay leaf, thyme, basil, pepper, and salt; let as much of the marinate adhere to them as you possibly can, strew over them bread crumbs, and broil them gently; baste them with the remains of the marinade, and serve with a squeeze of a lemon or a Seville orange over them.

VEAL HAM.—Cut a leg of veal in the fashion of a ham; mix a pint of bay salt with 2 oz. of saltpetre, 1 lb. of common salt, 1 oz. of cinnamon, and the same quantity of juniper berries powdered; rub the meat with this composition, and lay it in a tray with the skin downwards, basting it every day for a fortnight, after which hang it up for the same space of time in wood smoke. It may be either boiled or parboiled and roasted.

COW-HEEL JELLY.—Boil two cow-heels in one gallon of water until the bones come quite out. Take the juice of three lemons, strain them though a sieve into the jelly; add loaf-sugar and cinnamon to your taste; boil them together, then add three eggs. Let the jelly boil five times. After the jelly is first boiled it must stand till cold, and the fat then be taken off.

ORDERLY SOUFFLÉE.—Beat to a stiff froth the whites of five eggs; mix with five yolks, three ounces of sugar; mix all together, turn into a buttered pan and bake in a quick oven. It must be sent to the table as soon as done, as it soon falls.

MERINGUE PUDDING.—One pint of stale bread-crumbs, one quart of sweet milk, yolks of four eggs, one cup of sugar, one lemon-rind; mix together, and bake. When cool spread with jelly.

SHORT BREAD.—Rub 1 pound of butter, and 12 ounces of finely-powdered loaf sugar, into 2 pounds of flour; with the hand, make it into stiff paste with four eggs; cut it into round or square cakes; pinch the edges, and stick slices of candied peel and some carraway comfits on the top, and bake them on iron plates, in a warm oven.

WHIPT CREAM.—Whites of twelve eggs; cream, one quart; pale sherry, half a pint; essence of musk and ambergris, of each, ten drops; essence of lemon and orange-peel, of each, three or four drops; whisk to a froth, remove the latter on to a sieve, fill the glasses with the cream and then pile the froth on the top of them. Very fine.

TO CLEAN WHITE MARBLE MANTLES.—Brush them well with a brush, such as painters use, daily, and wipe with a soft dry towel. If soiled, dip a sponge in clean warm water and wash it, drying with a soft towel. To clean the carved part, wet a sponge with pumice stone, and gently rub on, washing off with pure water, drying with a towel: for the interstices, use a stick covered with a towel.

FRECKLE WASH.—Take 1 dr. of muriatic acid, half a pint of rain water, half a teaspoonful of spirit of lavender; mix, and apply it two or three times a day to the freckles, with a bit of linen or a camel hair pencil.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 6, 2, 3, 9, is often continued.
My 1, 4, 7, 3, is worn by ladies.
My 3, 2, 8, 4, always has a turning.
My 2, 3, 5, 9, is a girl's name.
My 3, 9, 5, 6, is a part of churchianity.
My 5, 9, 1, 7, 3, is a surname.
My whole is the name of a noted Saint.

AMICUS.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 13, 14, 10, 11, 1, 2, is a garden plant.
My 8, 9, 12, 15, 21, 17, is to crave food.
My 5, 3, 16, 24, 11, is a girl's name.
My 20, 29, 4, 10, 28, 1, is one of the United States.
My 23, 22, 7, 18, 17, 4, is a female relative.
My 15, 3, 6, 18, 12, is to pretend.
My 26, 25, 27, 19, is a numeral.
My whole is a maxim that should be borne in mind by all persons.

J. L. GRAHAM.
Dongola, Ill.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. A city in Hindoostan.
2. A servant of the Harem.
3. A shell-fish.
4. A term in music, means *slow*.
5. Part of a stable.
6. Part of the head.
7. A character in one of Shakspeare's plays.
8. A robber.
9. A girl's name.
10. A fruit.
11. A conference.
12. An essential oil.
13. A girl's name.
14. An instrument of death.
15. Part of a fort.
16. A letter of the Greek alphabet.
17. A servant.
18. A man's name.
19. A stipulation—caution.
20. Part of female attire.

My initials and finals form the names and address of two readers of the Post.

Pine Grove, Pa. L. E. CAMERON.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A prisoner escaped from prison at 6 o'clock A. M., and at 4 P. M. the Sheriff started in pursuit, gaining upon the fugitive 3 miles per hour. At midnight the Sheriff met an express travelling at the same rate with himself, who reported that he had met the prisoner 24 minutes before 10 o'clock. In what time from commencing the pursuit will he overtake the fugitive.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Astronomical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—to find the variation of inclination of the earth's orbit, by the action of Jupiter in 100 years. Will any mathematician please answer? WILLIAM EMERSON.

Algebraic Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The square root of the sum of the squares of two numbers equals the cube root of the difference of the squres of the same numbers. What are those numbers?

J. M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When does a severe cold resemble a brilliant idea? Ans.—When it comes into one's head suddenly.

☞ Why are good husbands like dough? Ans.—Because women need them.

☞ How does a pitcher of water differ from a man throwing his wife off a bridge? Ans.—One is water in a pitcher, the other is pitch her in the water.

☞ What's the difference between a pound of meat and a drummer boy? Ans.—One weighs a pound and the other pounds away.

☞ Why are our fingers particularly reliable in case of a breakage? Ans.—Because they are always on hand with nails.

☞ Why is every teacher of music necessarily a good teacher? Ans.—Because she is a sound instructor.

☞ What is the greatest bet ever made—The alphabet.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Sheridan's Ride." ENIGMA—William H. Morrow. CHARADE—Portugal (port—you—gal)

Giving Joy to a Child.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment, as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick into his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*